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No. 37010 SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1958. Price 30 Cents

COMMENT OF THE DAY

LAMBETH

NEARLY 100 years ago a provincial synod of the Canadian Church passed a resolution calling on the Archbishop of Canterbury to summon a "General Council." In February 1867 144 bishops were invited to travel to Lambeth to confer together for the well being of the Anglican Communion.

Since then meetings of the bishops have been held at about 10-year intervals, apart from the war years, and, with the expansion of missionary work and the establishment of indigenous churches overseas, the numbers of the Episcopate have increased.

This year the Lambeth Conference will meet from July 3 to August 10. Bishops attending the conference come not from British Commonwealth countries only. Bishops of the same communion, but individually loyal subjects of China and the United States will rub shoulders, and confer upon such diverse topics as the authority of the Bible, church unity, the family in contemporary society, the progress of the Anglican Communion and the conflicts within it.

It is hard to think of a broader range of contrary opinions and conflicting loyalties than those to be represented at Lambeth, or of any convocation with less power of enforcing its authority. In fact, however, the Archbishop has said that Lambeth has no authority. Each national church within the Anglican Communion is a national church in her own right, and owes no duty of obedience to Lambeth. Yet for this very reason opinions expressed at this unique meeting in London are often regarded as having added and not less weight. Much may be learned from this conference. More may be gained by each individual bishop from the communal life. Many of them are to gather in small groups living together in close touch or in retreat before and after the main conference, and such may even become the pattern for the general conference in years to come.

As the Rt Rev. R. O. Hall, Bishop of Hongkong and Macao, is on his way to this conference we are reminded that in this fast contracting world in which man stands on the borders of space, on the one hand, and the brink of disaster on the other, such a gathering cannot be unimportant for us all.

LANCASHIRE PLANNING ATTACK

Reserve Scheme To Curb Colony Exports

Manchester, Mar. 28.
Lancashire cotton interests are engaged on a scheme to curb the flow of grey goods from Hongkong, India and Pakistan which will be kept in reserve for use if some form of voluntary export restrictions are not agreed, according to leading cotton interests here.

BEVAN'S VIEWS ON SUMMIT

London, Mar. 28.
Mr. Aneurin Bevan, the Labour Party's spokesman on foreign affairs, said in a television interview tonight that Britain should go for a "summit" conference with Soviet Russia on her own if necessary.

He said: "I think if the United States holds up and prevents the summit talks happening between France, Britain, America and Russia, we should have to decide to take independent action."

As the Labour Party's "shadow" Foreign Secretary he agreed that in those circumstances Britain should go for a summit conference on her own.

Mr. Bevan was being interviewed in London for an independent (commercial) television programme.

Answering a question on the hydrogen bomb, he said it would be a principle of Labour foreign policy if an act of aggression led to war, to end the war as quickly as possible and not be concerned with a victory.

Mr. Bevan said the great danger was that they might slip into a war and it would be the duty of statesmen to end the war as quickly as possible and not win it.—Router.

Sandys' Pledge

Berlin, Mar. 28.
British Defence Minister Duncan Sandys today renewed the Western allied pledge to defend isolated West Berlin.

Mr. Sandys told West Berlin City officials the Western allies now as before will consider an attack on West Berlin an attack on themselves.

He spoke at a West Berlin ceremony at which he signed the "Golden Book", the city's guest register.

He flew here from the West German capital of Bonn for a two-day visit.—United Press.

INDIANS TO DISCUSS PROBLEM

Bombay, Mar. 28.
A two-member Indian textile delegation will visit Britain next month to discuss the voluntary agreement on a reduction of Indian cloth exports to Britain as proposed by the Lancashire industry. It was learned here today.

The team—comprising Mr. Kasturba Lalbhai, Chairman of the Indian Cotton Mills Federation, and Mr. Neville Wadia, Chairman of the Cotton Textiles Export Promotion Council, are going on the invitation of the British Cotton Board. The Board also invited Pakistan textile interests to attend and it is understood that these will be in Britain at the time of the talks.

It was learned here today that Sir Frank Lee, Permanent Secretary to the British Board of Trade, who is currently visiting Hongkong to persuade textile interests there to cut down their exports, will visit New Delhi next week on his journey home.

He is expected to discuss among other things the question of Indian-textile exports to Britain with officials of the Indian Ministry of Commerce and Industry.—Router.

From China

Traders say that Japanese imports formed the main competition before but other Far Eastern countries are now playing a greater role. Already in the first two months of this year imports of grey cloth from Hongkong have reached 15,038,000 square yards against less than 10 million square yards in the same period last year.

Arrivals of fabric from China amounted to 9,734,000 square yards against only 2,783,000 square yards in the first two months of 1957.

The prices quoted for these goods are generally well below those at which Lancashire manufacturers can offer comparable goods.—Router.

Latest Comment

Many Lancashire producing firms claim to be countering growing competition from Eastern trade sources. The latest comment comes today from Mr. Oliver L. Jacks, Chairman of Ashton Brothers and Company—one of Lancashire's biggest spinning and weaving groups who said today that "while the results of the year's trading increased when we sustained the impact of this Eastern competition with reasonable success, I am compelled to mention that in certain sections of our business these retained imports are having a detrimental effect on sales."

"Serious efforts continue to be made by the industry to get the Government to put a ceiling on imported cloth and made-up garments but there is little sign yet of any effective action being taken."

Sharp Quake

Tokyo, Mar. 29.
A sharp earthquake jarred the downtown Tokyo area early today for about 30 seconds.

The quake hit at 3.48 a.m. (1848 GMT Friday). It rattled windows and sent light fixtures swinging. No damage was reported immediately.—United Press.

NASSER'S OWN MAP

Bagdad, Mar. 28.
Dr. Fadhil Jamali, the Iraqi Foreign Minister, was today reported to have told Arab envoys here that Egypt has published a map which is a challenge to the sovereignty of independent Arab States.

The map showed all the Arab States in one colour as part of the United Arab Republic. It showed neither the Arab Union between Jordan and Iraq nor any other Arab independent States according to the Arab diplomatic sources.

The sources said the Foreign Minister considered it was clear evidence of President Nasser's designs for expansion, and his hostile intentions against other independent States.

He summoned the heads of Arab diplomatic missions here and asked them to approach their governments about the map.—Reuter.

Accident Blamed On Ghost

Glamorgan, Mar. 28.
The ghosts are acting up again, George Heskeith, 45, told a British court yesterday.

He sued the Pembrokeshire County Council for damages on the ground that he fell and fractured his skull while being chased by the ghost of a lady in a chimney.

He said the County Council put him and his son in an old mansion, Bush House, in August, 1955, when they were hired to lay floors in a Pembrokeshire school.

"On the first night there my son and I saw a vision of a woman in the grounds of the mansion," he said, "and we heard queer noises—tapping noises."

SECOND NIGHT

On the second night, he said, their kerorene lamp was turned down four times and he and his son had their raincoats pulled off their shoulders.

The third night the noises kept them awake all night so they returned to the school. When he looked for a place to sleep, he said, he fell down a dark staircase and fractured his skull.

The court took the case under advisement.—United Press.

LABOUR WOULD SUPPORT FREE TRADE PLAN

London, Mar. 28.
A House of Commons debate made it clear today that if there was a change of government Britain would still support the idea of a free trade area in Europe.

RAPE OF WOMEN

NEGRO GOES TO CHAIR

Montgomery, Mar. 28.
Jeremiah Reeves, a 22-year-old Negro, convicted of raping two white women, was executed here today in the electric chair after a long and unsuccessful legal battle to save his life.

Reeves was 17 years old at the time the crime was said to have been committed. Following his arrest in November, 1952, the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People (NAACP) fought a long judicial battle, attempting to prove Reeves innocent.

Reeves maintained that his original confession made to the police had been extorted by force.

In 1954, the US Supreme Court ordered a retrial for Reeves, but he was convicted and sentenced to death a second time.—France Press.

US Missile Launching Postponed

Cape Canaveral, Mar. 28.
"Technical difficulties" forced the Air Force today to postpone an attempted launching of its intercontinental Atlas missile.

There was no word as to just what the trouble was. The Atlas, a 5,500-mile range sky giant, was within 10 minutes of blasting off its launching pad when the difficulty was discovered.

Six Atlases had been fired previously. The last two were blown up in the sky after their engines burned out.

Technicians felt confident they had solved the trouble in the last two and had hoped today to prove it with a third successful flight of the Convair-built missile.

It was not announced when the Air Force will try again to launch its seventh Atlas.—United Press.

TORRINGTON BRITAIN ITCHING FOR CHANGE

London, Mar. 28.
Mr. Harold Wilson, the Labour Party "shadow" Chancellor, said tonight that the Torrington by-election, which gained for the minority Liberal Party a seat from the Conservatives (government) party, is bound to add to the difficulties facing the Government.

"In international dealings, other nations know that Mr. Macmillan, the Prime Minister, and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Foreign Secretary, represent a course which is itching for the chance to get rid of them."

"In these circumstances there should be a general election before the summit conference: this is not a reason for postponing the summit talks, but for hastening the election."

Party spokesman on foreign affairs, told a television audience he did not attach too much importance to a by-election as an indication of what might happen in a general election.

EXPOSE TEXTURE

The "ding-dong fight" of a general election would expose the texture of the Liberal Party, he said.

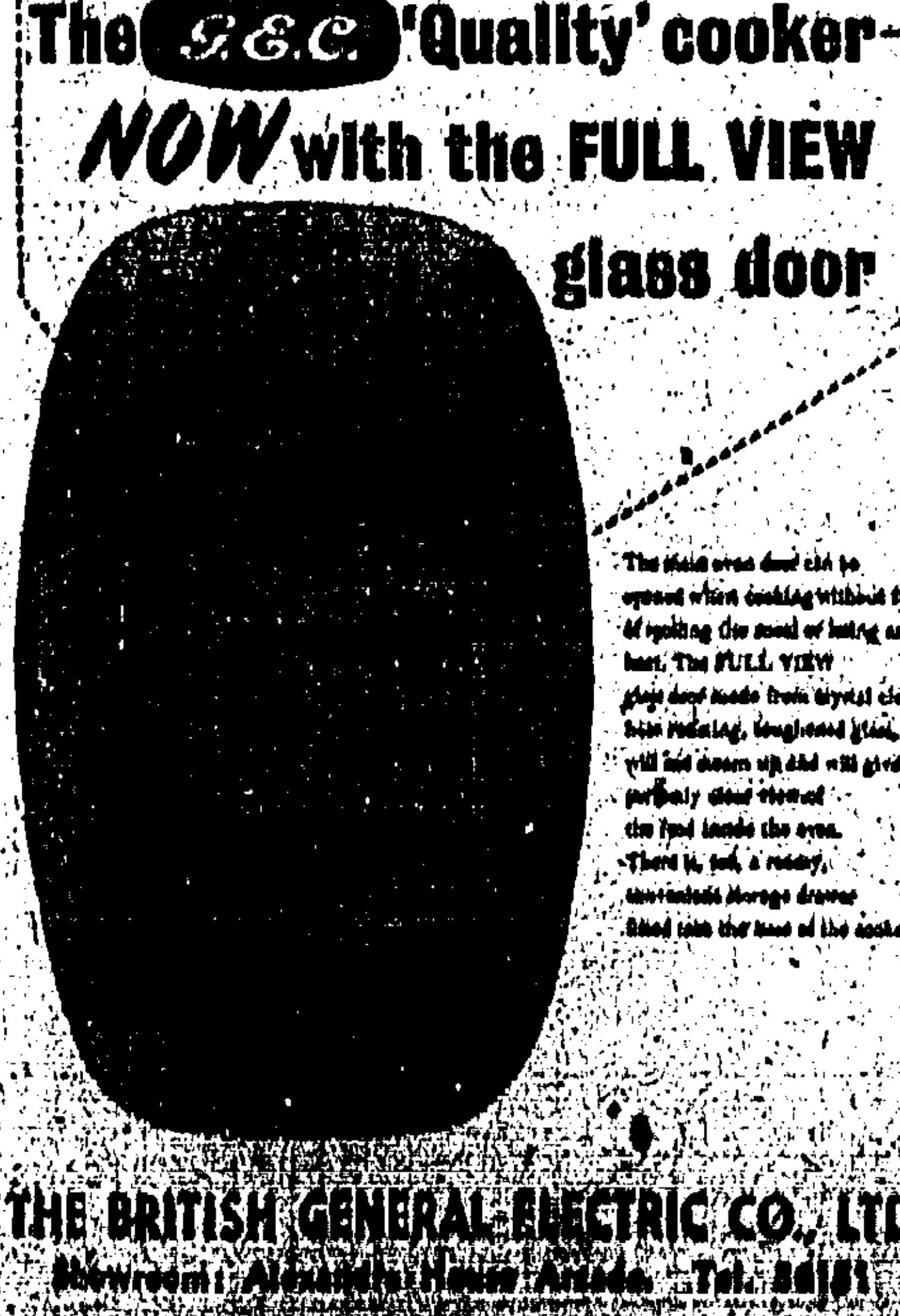
Mr. Aneurin Bevan, Chairman of the Conservative Party, commented, "The Government have always recognised that in carrying out their policies at home and abroad they were bound to encounter difficulties in the short term. They will not be deterred from continuing to pursue their policies in the interests of safety and the stability of the country."—Router.

Nationalist Threat To Japan

Taipei, Mar. 28.
The Nationalist Government today decided to bring off diplomatic relations with Japan as soon as the Communist flag was flown in Japan, authoritative sources said.

The sources said the decision, which was taken this afternoon at a top-level conference presided over by General Chiang Kai-shek, aimed at warning Japan not to take Nationalist protests against a Tokyo-Peking trade agreement as a mere political gesture.—Reuter.

The GEC 'Quality' cooker—NOW with the FULL VIEW glass door



The full view door lets you observe when cooking without the risk of spilling the smell or losing any heat. The FULL VIEW glass door made from crystal clear, heat-insulating, laminated glass, will let you see all the delicious things cooking inside the oven.

There is, too, a modern, convenient storage drawer built into the base of the cooker.

THE BRITISH GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LTD.
Newcastle, London, Birmingham, Leeds, Manchester, Glasgow, Belfast, Dublin, Cardiff, Liverpool, Nottingham, Plymouth, Southampton, Swansea, Wolverhampton.

A trip to build a dream on!



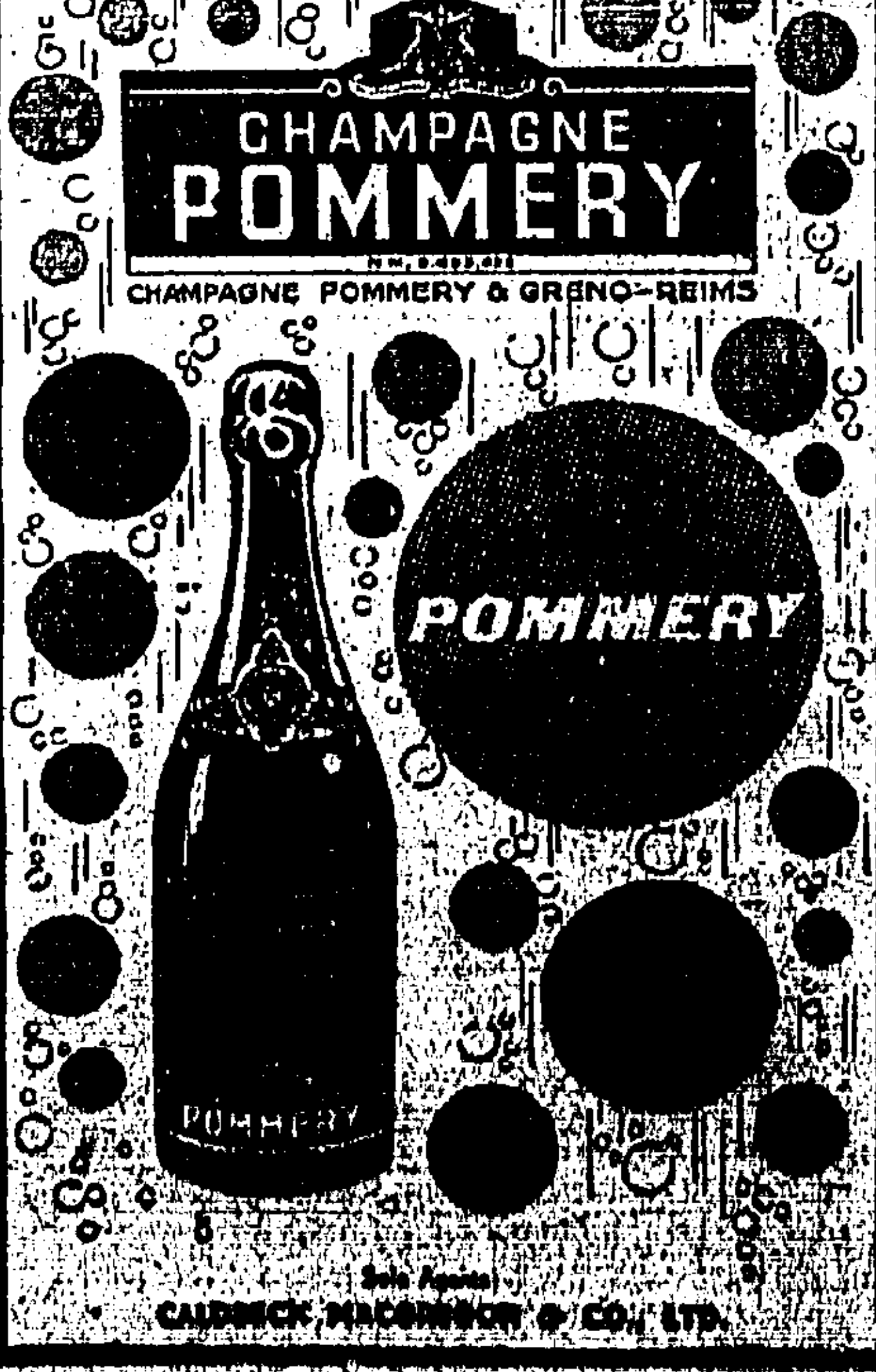
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- * SUPER-O CONSTELLATION speed and comfort
- * Choice of First and Tourist Class
- * Every First Class meal a SLUMBER PARTY

CHAMPAGNE POMMERY



CHAMPAGNE POMMERY & GRANGE-REIMS

POMMERY

Sole Agents: **CALDERWOOD, MACDONALD & CO., LTD.**

KING'S PRINCESS

TO-DAY

THE RANK ORGANISATION PRESENTS
JUNE LAVERICK • ISABELLE COREY • INGE SCHOENER

It happened in ROME

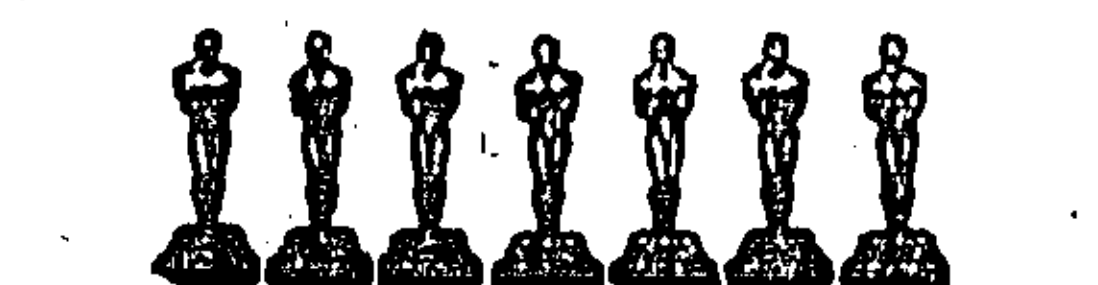
TECHNICOLOR
TECHIRAMA

FERZETTI • GIROTTI
CIFARIELLO

DE SICA • GORDI



FLASH! FLASH!! FLASH!!!



WINNER OF 7 OSCARS
and many other coveted awards

"KWAI" WINS ACADEMY AWARD
FOR BEST PICTURE!



COLUMBIA PICTURES PRESENTS A SAM SPIEGEL PRODUCTION
WILLIAM HOLDEN
ALEC GUINNESS • JACK HAWKINS
"THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI"
TECHNICOLOR • CINEMASCOPE
WIN BEST ACTOR AWARD
BEST DIRECTOR AWARD
BEST SCREENPLAY AWARD
BEST MUSIC AWARD
BEST EDITING AWARD

Your Best Picture for the Easter Holidays
WATCH FOR THE GALA PREMIERE

EXTRA MORNING SHOWS TO-MORROW
KING'S at 11 a.m. | PRINCESS at 11 a.m.
TERRYTOON TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME
by 20th Century-Fox

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50
KING'S at 12.10 p.m. | PRINCESS at 12.30 p.m.
Grace Kelly | James Cagney in
Alec Guinness in "TRIBUTE TO A BAD MAN"
"THE SWAN" | Cinemascope & Technicolor
Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

Lee & Astor
72436 (Booking Office) 6777

TO-NIGHT AT 8.00 P.M.
CANTONESE OPERA

"THE LEGEND OF MADAME WHITE SNAKE" | "THE FAIRY FROM THE 9TH HEAVEN"
• 傳蛇白 • 女玄天九
Presented by SUN YIM YOUNG PLAYERS | Presented by SIEN FUNG MING PLAYERS

★ NEXT CHANCE ★
4 ACADEMY AWARD WINNERS
Best Supporting Actor — RED BUTTONS
Best Supporting Actress — MIYOSHI UMEKI
Best Sound Recording & Best Art & Set Direction

MARLON BRANDO
AND AN EXQUISITE NEW JAPANESE STAR IN
SAYONARA
Produced by JOSEF VON SLODKOWSKI
Directed by JOSEF VON SLODKOWSKI
Starring MARLON BRANDO • YUKI KAJI
With PATRICIA OWEN • RED BOUTON • RICHARD MONTALBAN • MARYA ROSE
Music by JAMES NEWTON HOWARD
Cinemascope • Technicolor

FILMS CURRENT & COMING

by ANTHONY FULLER

THIS has been a sad week in the film industry. Mike Todd died in his plane while solving the difficulty of dodging local time-tables. He was a showman rather than an artist in the sense of cinema. Nevertheless he gave the industry the shot in the arm it needed when TV was handing out such a licking to the silver screen in the States.

As long as the film business lasts, he will be remembered for his "Round the World in Eighty Days," and readers of this column will remember that I wrote up a special feature of him giving the vital statistics concerned with its production and showing.

At the time I said it was typical of Todd that he would bring along a projector that generated so much heat that the film had to run through a refrigerator. Unfortunately, even when it does arrive in Hong Kong, we shall not see it. The Todd way.

The show business needs the Todd types, for after all, where does all the hollywood originate? The old carnivals with plying elephants, the bogus kings and queens, the fake monsters in which none believed, and the clash of the cymbals and the roll of the drums, all these gave a thrill to the masses who found everyday life just a bit too grey.

Now he is gone, and we scribble will miss those hand-outs that used to clutter up the desk every Monday morning. He had the personal touch, the common touch. He wrote to every film scribe in a way that made everyone feel he was having the personal attention of Mike Todd. That is the secret of his success, and wise is the business man who would learn this lesson.

We offer our sympathy to Elizabeth Taylor and her family, and trust they will carry on the great Todd tradition.

MIXED fare at the Cinema this week, starting off with... "Until They Sail," made by MGM and showing at the Hoover and Liberty. Starring Jean Simmons, Joan Fontaine, Paul Newman, and Piper Laurie, with Charles Drake and Sandra Dee. In Cinemascope.

This story of four sisters in wartime New Zealand is a very vivid and compassionate one, and made into a film, tells of things that did happen and will always happen when men are called away to war, and the women are left behind lonely. In fact, when I saw the film, I was reminded of that most moving of all war time stories, "The Lonely," by Paul Gallico.

for while there is no similarity in the incidents, there is every similarity in the theme. A glimpse of the lonely women is given, and you can sense there is going to be trouble when Piper Laurie marries handsome, sensuous Shiner, for no better reason than he happens to be the one thing left in trousers.

Then the Yanks take over the place as a part of base for their Pacific Islands operations. The film is very frank, no attempt is made to hide the fact that men away from home drop all sense of decency. This is no special prerogative of the American Forces, it is true of all troops, and where this film scores is putting Mickey Shaughnessy opposed to Paul Newman as types.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING
KING'S & PRINCESS: "It Happened in Rome." Big Screen, Technicolor, lovely scene, lovely Shiner, light-hearted plot and plenty of situations, make up Rank's colourful carnival of fun. June Laverick, Isabelle Corey, Inge Schoener.
HOOPER & LIBERTY: "Until They Sail." Wartime drama, set in New Zealand, emotional tangle produces dreadful consequences which the film partly dispenses. Jean Simmons, Joan Fontaine, Paul Newman, Piper Laurie.
ROXY & BROADWAY: "Cattle Empire." CinemaScope, De Luce Colour, Stereophonic sound, lynchings, galloping herds, and fast gun play. Joel McCrea and Gloria Talbott.

COMING
KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Bridge Over the River Kwai." Academy Award winner, superb Alec Guinness, terrific Jack Hawkins, splendid William Holden. Columbia Pictures present a film of flawless casting, an authentic plot, making up the Award winning epic of British production.
HOOPER & LIBERTY: "Merry Andrew." Danny Kaye goes to Britain, finds a new accent, sings some of the catchiest songs of "My Fair Lady" style. A heart warming comedy which takes him from school-master to drops.

AIR-CONDITIONED
STAR METROPOLE
GRAND OPENING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

Valerie
SHE'S TOO MUCH WOMAN FOR ONE MAN TO HANDLE...
TOO MUCH TROUBLE FOR ONE TOWN TO HOLD.
AS
STERLING ANITA ANTHONY
HAYDEN-EKBERG-STEEL
Book Early!

BOOK EARLY!
TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m. UNIVERSAL TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
At Reduced Prices
METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show At 12.30 p.m.
"SUPERMAN AND THE JUNGLE DEVIL"
A Fox Picture — At Reduced Prices.

CAPITOL RITZ
SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
AT 12.30 p.m.
RICHARD WIDMARK in "GUN FOR THE SUN"
In Technicolor
TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
AT 12.30 p.m.
WILLIAM HOLDEN in "BARK OF NELL"
In Technicolor

FINAL 6 DAYS
THIS REVUE WILL NOT PERFORM IN KOWLOON

QUEEN'S

TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.
ENTIRELY NEW PROGRAMME
COMBINING ALL THE BEST NUMBERS
PLUS MANY NEW AND EXCITING ONES!

THE WORLD — FAMOUS
SHOCHIKU REVUE
The Shochiku Revue is a complete change of programme for the third week. Slick chorus, colourful numbers, beautifully costumed, the loveliest girls from Japan.

SHOWING ALHAMBRA TO-DAY
PLEASE NOTE CHANGE OF TIMES
AT 2.30, 5.45, 7.45 & 9.45 P.M.

A MILLION DOLLAR PRODUCTION!
ENTIRELY FILMED IN JAPAN
娃紅
Scarlet Doll
Starting LIN DAI
(Winner of the Best Actress Award)
WANG YIN • CHANG YANG
Eastmancolor — Wide Screen
with English Subtitles

ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
THE WARS OF THE RANCH KINGS WHO BUILT AN EMPIRE A THOUSAND MILES BEYOND THE LAW!

CATTLE EMPIRE
JOEL MOORE
Gloria TALBOTT • BOB HARTLEY • PHYLLIS COATES
BROADWAY: 8 SHOWS TO-MORROW, Extra Performance of "CATTLE EMPIRE" AT 12.30 p.m.
TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.
MELVYN MORISSE in "A CAT IN HAT"
WALT DISNEY TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
MAGNANNY

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Husband Wanted To Be A WOMAN

London. EVERY night Roy Williams prayed for a miracle. And the miracle he wanted, said a divorce judge last week, was that he would wake up to find himself a WOMAN.



MR. WILLIAMS
Wore nightie and curlers.

He kept the secret from his wife for five years — until the day in 1952 when he read of an operation which had changed the sex of an American airman.

Then, said Mr Justice Collingwood, he told her: That he had always wanted to be a girl.

That he used to dress in his mother's clothes, and that he would save up to have the operation.

Not unnaturally, said the judge, Mrs Williams was distressed by these disclosures. The husband promised not to mention the subject again.

But after a few weeks he appeared at a party dressed in her clothes, and wore lipstick and powder.

He wrote to a doctor in Copenhagen, offered his life story to an American magazine if they would finance the operation, and asked a bishop for advice.

The Five-Year Secret

He showed his wife a collection of women's clothes—including an inflatable brassiere—and he wore them in the evenings. He also wore them to work, under his ordinary clothes.

And he told his wife he was looking forward to the time when he would be a woman, do the housework, and get married again.

And he sent his wife a birthday card: "To Mickey, from her girl friend, Janet."

Mr Williams, of Brixton Hillcourt, Brixton, SW, had denied all this, said the judge.

The dressing up, he claimed, was a joke. The letter to the doctor was to ask for advice on making himself more manly because his wife had mocked his physique.

She said he had a slim waist, sang in a feminine voice, and ran like a girl.

She insisted that he put his hair in curlers.

But the judge granted a decree nisi to the German-born wife, Mrs Meta Williams, 31, of St German's Road, Forest Hill, SE, on the ground of cruelty.

"I accept her version without hesitation," he said. She had ample cause for leaving him when she did, in June 1956, after nine years of marriage.

Mr Williams' plea for a decree on the ground of misconduct was rejected. The misconduct, said the judge, was admitted. It came about "in a remarkable way."

Mr Williams, Alyn-Jones, under-manager at the store where Mrs Williams worked, took her home one evening, and was invited to stay the night.

After a while, Mr Williams went upstairs and returned with one blanket, remarking: "You can keep each other warm." Then he went to bed.

In the morning he appeared in a yellow nightie, and gave them both a cup of tea.

The judge ordered the husband to pay the costs of the five-day hearing.

Peg Is Eight Years Old & Quite Educated—For A Dog

By HENRY MACLENNON

Rome.

PEG was recently eight years old. She cannot talk or use a pencil like any of us, but she can express herself quite clearly in the Italian language. There are some people who think she could write a book.

Peg is a dark brown poodle and belongs to Signora Elena Corridori of Chiari near Brescia in the north of Italy. Signora Corridori has educated Peg and her little dog has appeared on Italian television and has been met by many famous experts in the canine world from all over the country.

Expresses

Peg expresses herself by forming words out of letters each of which has a small ribbon attached. She picks up the cards with her teeth and puts them in line to form the words or numbers in reply to a question.

But this is not a trick. Peg is actually a dog prodigy. At present she is studying history, geography and some literature. She has a mind of her own and people are free to ask her what she thinks and if the subject is beyond her reasoning powers she will say so at once.

The noted Italian journalist, Vittorio Benito Brocchieri, was

the first to gather the facts about Peg and wrote about her recently in the Corriere della Sera. He told her he was aged 55 and asked in what year he had been born. Quickly Peg picked up the cards marked one, nine, zero, two.

Signora Corridori immediately gave Peg a little minced beef which the poodle loves so much.

The journalist asked other questions and Peg answered most of them.

"Tell me what kind of weather it is today, Peg?" "Caldo," (hot) answered Peg with her little cards.

Peg can read printed words, said Signora Corridori, and she always listens and understands human conversation. The parish priest once met Peg and was astounded.

"It's frightening," he said, "the animal is possessed!"

Was Hurt

Peg was hurt. She went to her cards and wrote: "Feg good, no devil." It was in Italian and though one or two letters were missing and a "2" was used instead of an "s", the sense was quite plain. When

she is hurt or excited her card writing is sometimes erratic.

If Peg is asked a difficult question she will ponder for a while looking at her mistress for inspiration. But when she really cannot answer she barks twice which means no.

Signor Brocchieri asked if she knew the name of the President of Italy (Giovanni Gronchi). Peg hesitated and looked at her mistress.

"You should know, dear. If you answer right you can have all the minced beef at once," said Signora Corridori. Slowly Peg went to her cards and wrote out the letters: Gronchi.

Near Enough

It was certainly near enough. The journalist said he was amazed. He promised to bring a present for the dog and asked what she would like. Peg wrote out that she would prefer the present sent to her mistress. In the general enthusiasm of that reply the minced beef present had been forgotten. So Peg calmly wrote out: Promises should be kept.

On many occasions Peg has been star attraction at benefit shows and has appeared at Brescia, Turin and Verona. She has a silver cup with the inscription: "From the bewitched admirers of the Turin Canine Club to Peg, a dog prodigy."

An Appeal

Signor Brocchieri writing about Peg in the Corriere della Sera made an appeal to Adriano Olivetti, who is not only the maker of Italy's famous typewriter but also a publisher of philosophical and social books. Brocchieri thinks that Olivetti could make an electronic typing machine for Peg which she could use by putting the keys with her nose. He is certain that the little poodle under expert supervision of scientists and teachers could write a book.

We think the title would certainly be: "My Secrets from the Animal World," by a dog.

Think twice before laughing, says Signor Brocchieri.—United Press.

THE TYPE OF MAN WIVES DETEST

London. A WOMAN will put up with physical violence from a man and forgive him. But she will NOT tolerate meanness.

Meanness—for example, over money—is the second of the three features of personality which most often rock marriages, says a doctor.

The first is immaturity according to Dr C.P. Blacker, physician to the Royal Brompton Hospital and Maudsley Hospital and vice-chairman of the International Planned Parenthood Federation.

If they're shy....

The third is jealousy. Dr Blacker has analysed all three. He gives these results in *The Lancet*.

Immaturity: One form is characterised by excessive dependency, social timidity, a sense of personal inferiority with an insatiable need for reassurance.

The possession in common of these misgivings makes a bond of sympathy between young people which can lead to marriage.

But before long frictions develop, because each is making vain demands for reassurance and moral support from the other.

Tantrums start

Another kind of immaturity has "minor frustration or disappointment... followed by explosions and tantrums, which are adult equivalents of the temper tantrums of childhood."

Meanness "will antagonise and estrange a woman more than will acts of violence."

"I have been astonished at the physical ill-treatment which some women will put up with from periodically temperate husbands, provided that they later feel and express regret," says Dr Blacker.

The woman treats the outburst as somehow out of character and forgives it. "Very different is her reaction to intractable meanness or jealousy. These are felt to be despicable traits, forming an integral part of the man's nature, which he makes no effort to combat."

HIS HOME WAS A JUNK PILE

London.

A 55-year-old bachelor recluse, Tom Walker, looked tearfully at his home last week, and said, "It just doesn't look the same any more."

And it doesn't, either. Tom's relatives descended on his home to Hothall last week and carried off 15 tons of junk.

Tom had been collecting the junk ever since his mother died and left him living alone ten years ago.

Tom's former brother, Henry, used his tractor to cart away five tons of rotting timber Tom had stored inside the house.

Another brother trucked away more than 1,000 empty

"Affection and respect—the emotional mainstays of most marriages of people over 50—are slowly undermined and are replaced by hatred."

Jealousy: "The jealous partner will ransack the pockets and diaries and steam open the letters of the suspected person in search of incriminating evidence."

"If the marriages of such persons do not break down they are precariously sustained in an atmosphere of hostility which is one of the nearest approximations to hell-on-earth attainable in modern life."

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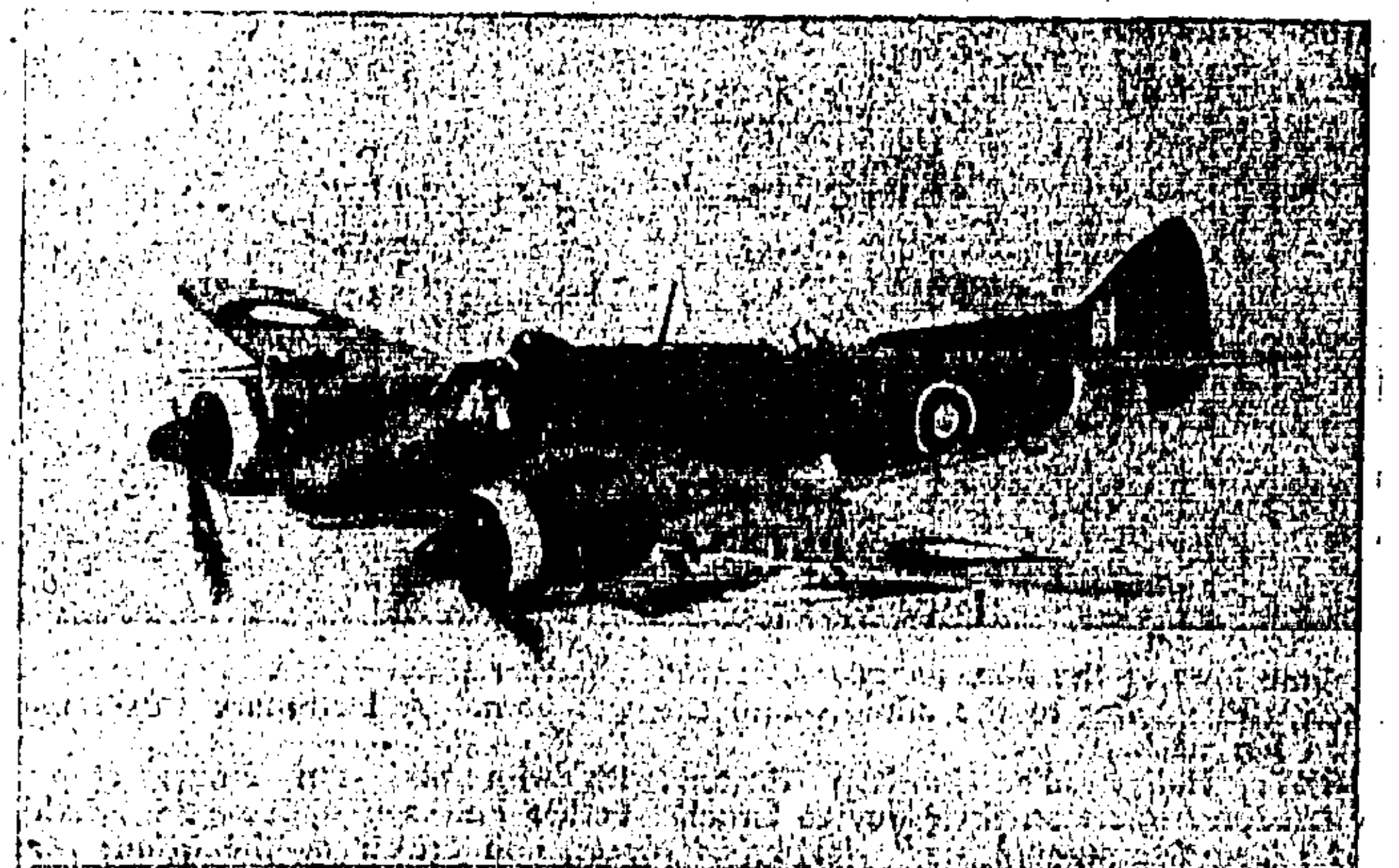


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BEAUFIGHTER CRASH



A war-time crash, and the way a Rolex watch survived it, is the subject of Mr. S. W. Martin's letter addressed to The Rolex Watch Co., Ltd., Geneva, Switzerland.

"I bought Rolex Oyster Raleigh No. 162275/3478 in March 1942 in Veyburn, Saskatchewan, where I was serving as a Flying Instructor in the Royal Air Force. The watch was never off my wrist and gave perfect service, but its biggest test came in August 1944, when I was flying Beaufighters in Coastal Command. Returning from a mission, on one engine, I had to crash-land in a small field. It was a pretty rough landing and the Beaufighter immediately caught fire and blew up. Needless to say I got put as quickly as possible, but suffered burns which kept me

in hospital for nearly a year. Traditionally, the watch should have stopped at the exact time of the crash—the Rolex, following its own traditions, kept going. It ran down normally, and when I was sufficiently interested in things to have it rewound some weeks later, it carried on keeping perfect time. That there is still, eleven years after the crash, an unscarred ring on my left wrist will give you some idea of what the watch survived. The only effect of the intense heat was to slightly shrink and discolour the 'glass'.

ROLEX

A landmark in the history of Time measurement

Distress Signal Goes Up And Faces Get Red

London. NOT even Portsmouth, where they know what sailors are, had seen a prank to beat it. From the top of the 60 ft. flagpole fluttered... a pair of frilly panties, a bra, and some black silk stockings.

It was rumoured around the port that they belonged to a nurse.

And as the flagpole is in the grounds of St Mary's Hospital, it was as good a guess as any.

Medical and police staff spotted the far-from-naval signal as they arrived for work.

It was still flying proudly in the breeze when Mr Leonard Rogers, the hospital secretary, appeared.

Nurses and patients watched from windows as he gave orders for it to be brought down "double quick."

England expects, so a porter did his duty. And the unmentionables were retrieved.

They were taken to Mr Rogers' office and examined for name-tags. But there was no clue to the damsel in distress.

Dead of night

Then the full story emerged. There had been a Police v. Doctors football match the previous day. The doctors had triumphed 6-2.

Later there was a doctors' party. A few nurses were invited.

And at dead of night one doctor risked his neck to lash the "flags" beneath the weather-cock.

Commented Mr Rogers, with a chuckle: "I've got them in my creak drawer, but I can't keep them for ever."

Tallies—The culprit need have no fear. No disciplinary action will be taken.

Stamp Paradise For 2s 6d

London.

The £1,000,000 National Stamp Exhibition nearly became a thieves' paradise at the Central Hall, Westminster, last week.

All the stamps on show are under glass—and one of the stallholders was selling glass-cutters. "It was like having a stand selling burglar's tools," said the organising secretary, Mr Edgar Lewis.

The man was paying rent for his stall. The organisers did not realise that half-a-crown spent with him would enable a thief to open all the showcases, said Mr Lewis.

"But the exhibitors realised it as soon as they saw him. They all started complaining to us. There was nothing we could do, because we had let the space to him."

"But we asked him if he would mind leaving. He didn't make much fuss. He said he thought it was going to be a do-it-yourself exhibition when he booked the stand."

Who Said 13 Was Unlucky!

London.

Supposedly unlucky 13 holds no fears for 92-year-old Arthur Millen and his 89-year-old wife.

They were married on March 13, 1888 and celebrated their Seventieth wedding anniversary last week.

Their 13 grandchildren and 13 great-grandchildren attended the celebration.

Millen said he started work at the age of 13 and was awarded a British Railways gold medal for long service on October 13, 1930.—United Press.

Swordsmen

Antique dealer Leonard Goodall, 85, was praised in court for catching a prowler and holding him for police at the point of a sword.—United Press.

Good Deed?

When a dog ran out of a backyard here, 17-year-old Harold Williams obligingly caught it, returned it, snatched its mistress's purse and ran off. He was put on probation.—United Press.

PC Books Mr Jones THEN Mr Jones 'Books' PC

London.

IT was Police Constable Desmond Halls who "hooked" Mr Christopher John Henry Jones.

Mr Jones had parked his car without lights and was fined 10s.

Last week Police Constable Halls was fined 5s for parking his car without lights.

And it was Mr Christopher John Henry Jones who reported him.

Both live in Montgomery Road, Ipswich, about 70 yards apart.

The constable wrote to the magistrates: "I fail to see why the attitude he has in that, because he himself has been reported for a similar offence, he considers that anyone making a mistake, such as I have, should immediately be brought to book and reported."

UNNEIGHBOURLY But Mr Jones, 32, steel erector, said: "P.C. Halls shouldn't talk about being unneighbourly. I think he was right."

"On February 10 I parked my Austin 8 on a green about 20 yards back off the road, opposite P.C. Halls's house, with half a dozen other cars."

"He came to my house at ten to eight and I told him I couldn't buy a parking light at that time of night, and that my battery was very, very low, so I couldn't use my sidelights."

"But I was pinched all the same, at midnight. "When I saw his black Austin parked without lights I rang up the police station."

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



"Unlike most actors, I'm solid from the neck down," said Britain's top box office film star KENNETH MORE as he arrived back from a skiing holiday in Davos, Switzerland.

LOWER RIGHT: RITA HAYWORTH seen at London Airport with two mink coats and a new husband, producer James Hill . . . her fifth marriage, his first.
BELOW: Israel's 15-year-old concert pianist Daniel Barenboim takes a bow at the Royal Festival Hall after playing the Beethoven No. 3 Concerto with the London Philharmonic Orchestra. EXPRESS



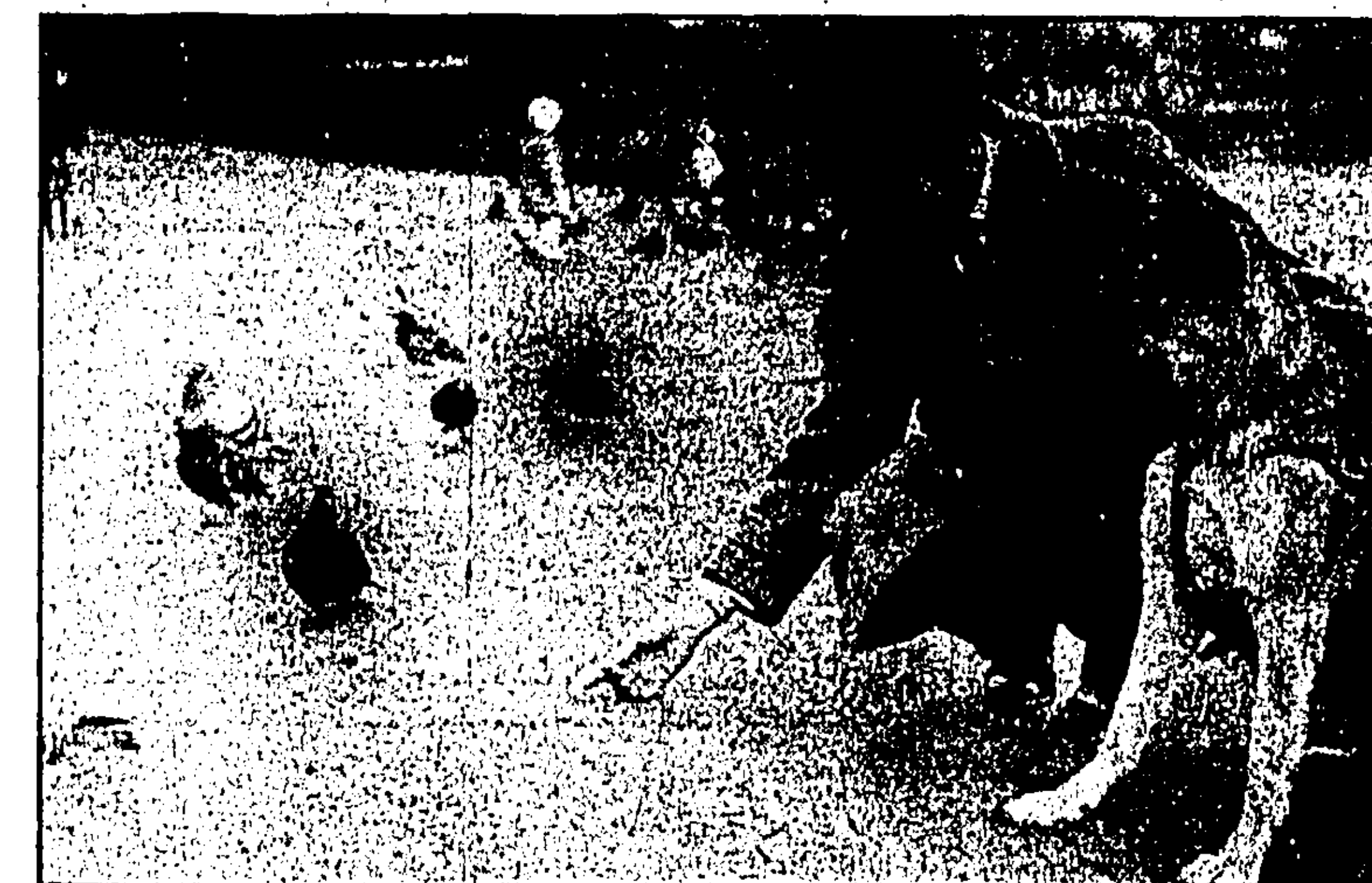
Thelma, one of the Bennett quads, leaves the other three for the first time to go back with mother to the clinic where she was born. A birthmark was removed from her neck.

RIGHT: Hollywood's Charlton Heston with wife and son Frazier stop off at London Airport on their way to Israel. Father and son appeared in the film "The Ten Commandments," Heston as Moses, and Frazier as the infant Moses.
BELOW: Still over his hole in Bushey Heath, 88-year-old British actor A. E. Matthews continues his battle against a council lamp post . . . "like a gallows." EXPRESS



Latest girl friend of the Duke of Kent (21) is 20-year-old Susan Pank, one of the year's debutantes. She works as a china-mender for a London firm and prefers to make no comment on her friendship. A friend said: "Susan thinks the Duke is delicious."

LEFT: Back from Australia and New Zealand, the Queen Mother arrives home.
BELOW: German actor Curt Jurgens asked about his next marriage told reporters: "At the moment I am still enjoying being a bachelor." But he's seeing quite a bit of 22-year-old French model Simone Richerot. EXPRESS

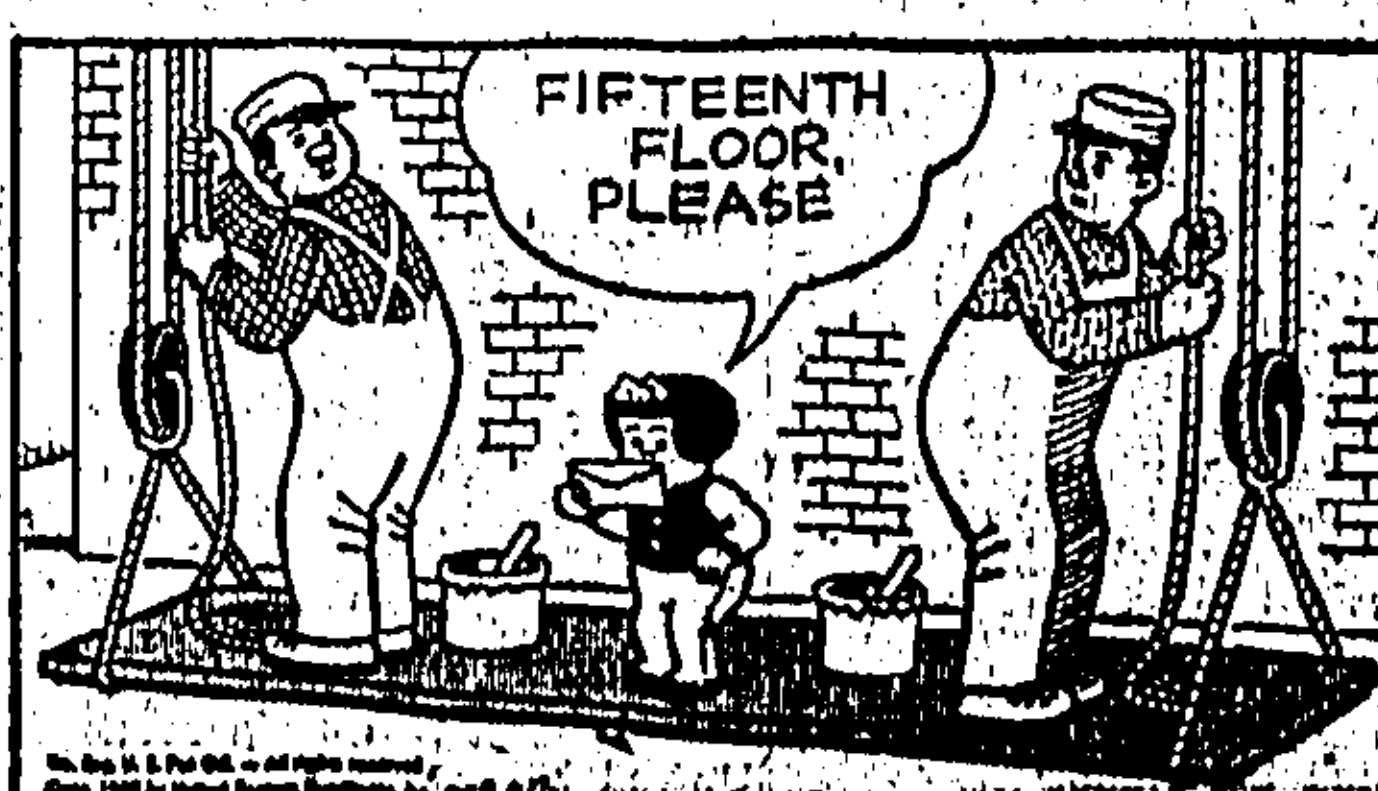
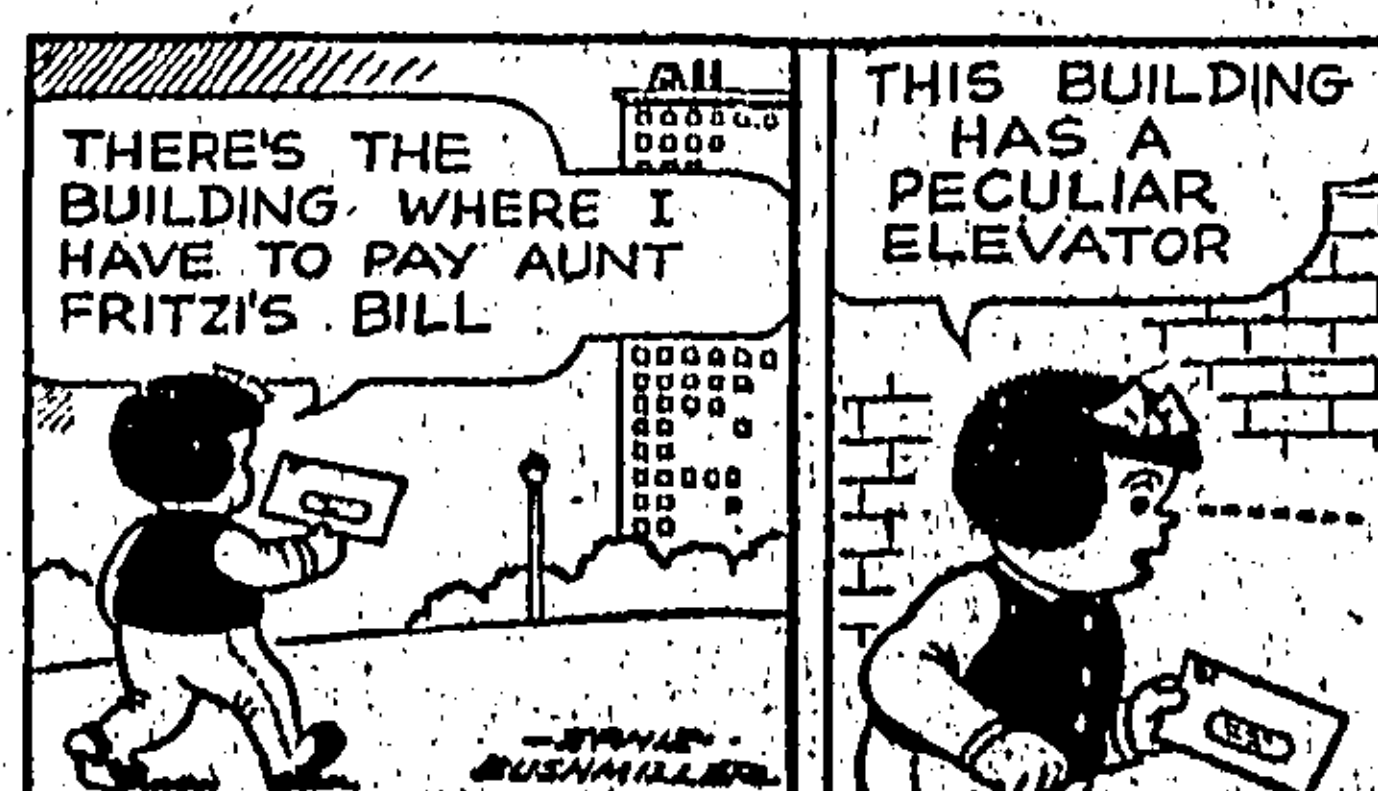


Reunited . . . six months ago we published pictures of the separation between Binney, seeing eye dog for blind American student Davis Duty. Now out from quarantine, here's the reunion.

BELOW: Dame Edith Sitwell and British Home Secretary R. A. Butler are seen at the Foyles luncheon where she was awarded the Foyles £250 prize for poetry. EXPRESS



NANCY

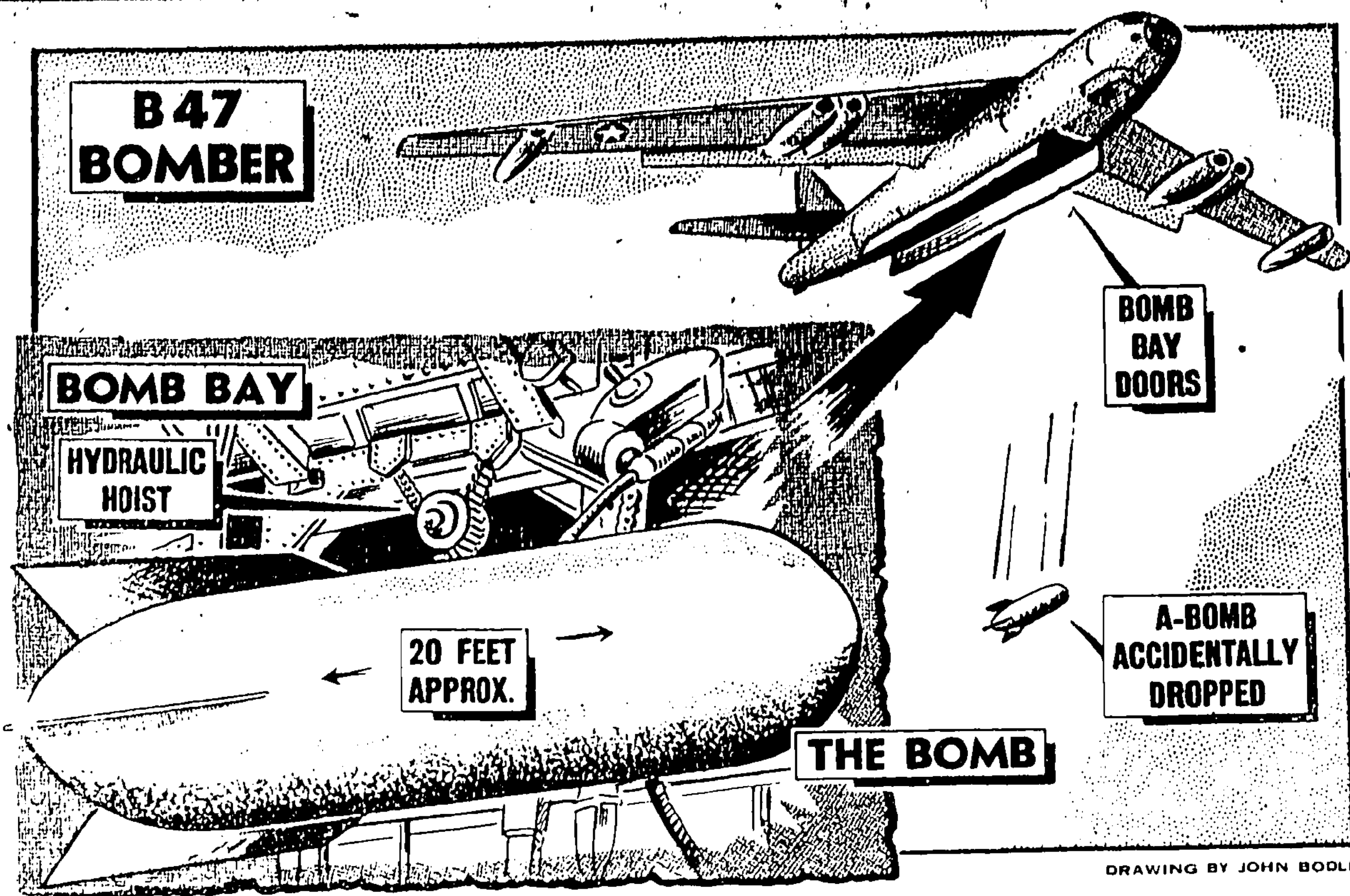


By Ernie Bushmiller

BLACK MAGIC



the finest chocolates in the world



How the atom bomb is carried in the aircraft's bomb bay

THAT BOMB:

These diagrams tell the story

By CHAPMAN PINCHER

THE ATOM BOMB—perhaps 20ft. long and 8ft. wide—is seen on the left, mounted in the bomb bay of the B47 jet-plane—and then falling out over South Carolina. The sketch on the right explains why the bomb exploded at all and why it did not produce an atomic blast.

The core of the atom bomb consists of a hollow sphere of plutonium atomic explosive, surrounded by a series of specially shaped charges of ordinary T.N.T. high explosive.

When the bomb is deliberately detonated all the T.N.T. charges go off simultaneously, directing their explosive power inwards on the plutonium sphere and compressing it into a solid ball.

In this solid form the plutonium will explode provided that a further small atomic device is present to produce a stream of atomic particles which trigger off the giant blast.

This triggering device, called the Urchin—is NOT inserted until the plane is approaching its target on an operational flight.

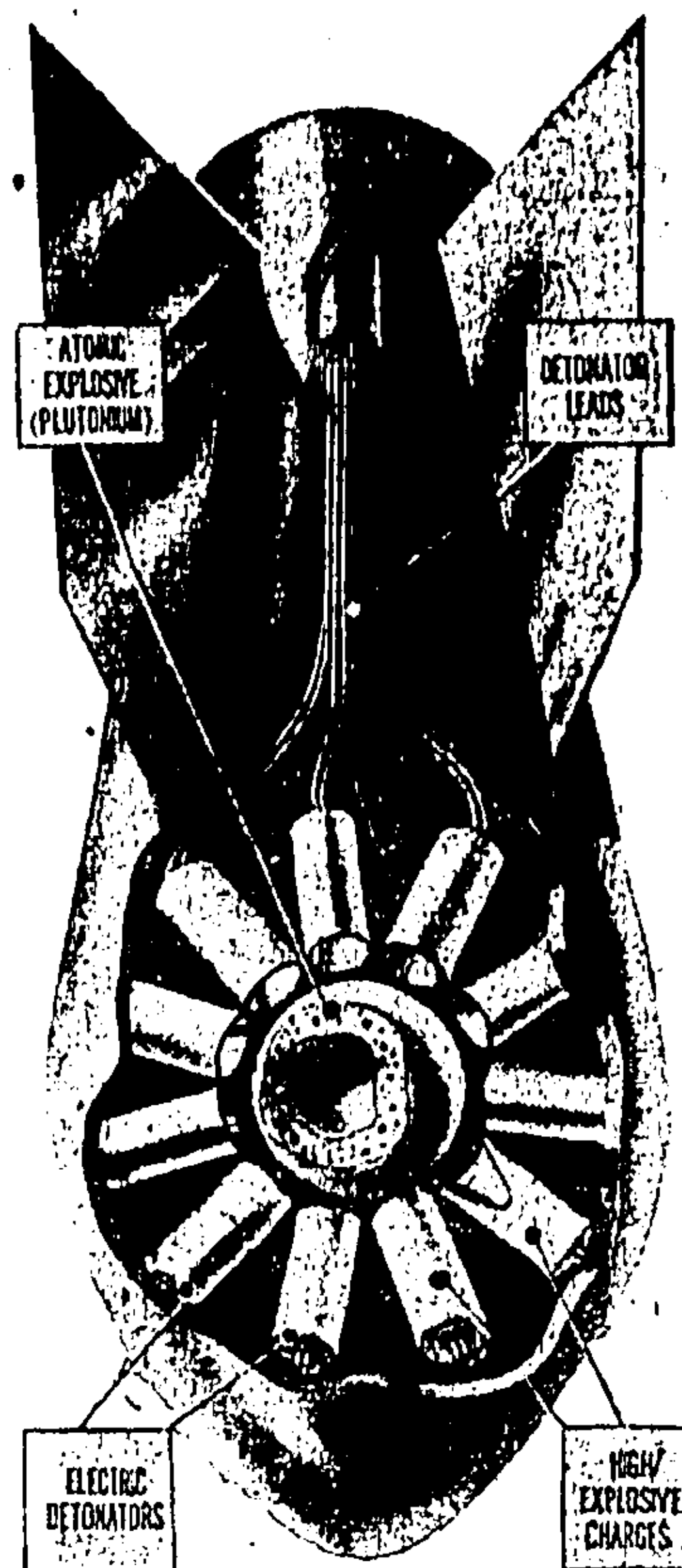
The safety margin

When the bomb hit the ground at Mars Bluff the shock of the impact set off the T.N.T. charges which caused the minor blast and injuries. The plutonium core, which cannot be detonated by shock, was blown out intact. It could not explode for two reasons:—

1. No Urchin had been inserted.

2. All the T.N.T. charges must go off at exactly the same moment to produce an atomic explosion. In deliberate use this is assured by the electric detonating leads shown in the sketch. It can never happen as a result of accidental impact.

There would have been increased danger if the plutonium charge had split into small fragments. Apart from the slight radio-activity, plutonium is intensely poisonous when absorbed into the body as dust or in contaminated food. But tests with atom-ray detectors proved that no plutonium had escaped.



Inside the bomb

From Rags To Riches: 5

by John Cottrell

Too frail to be a farmer so he made a FORTUNE

HAD Frank Winfield Woolworth been a strong boy, his family might today be farmers. Instead, they live in luxury on the millions made by the world's biggest shopkeeper.

For Frank came from farming stock. His father owned land in northern New York State, but the Civil War was on, times were bad, and the farm was heavily mortgaged. The elder Woolworth looked forward to the day when his son would leave school and give him full-time help in the fields.

But the boy was always away from school through sickness, and his mother doubted if he could stand up to the hard life of a farmer.

Yet how else could the boy earn his living?

Frank himself answered that question: "I want to be a salesman," he said.

His mother took 12 dollars from her savings to send the boy to bookkeeping classes. He promised to pay her back when he had his own store.

Before she died he had stores in plenty.

Frank was a poor salesman, and he realized the fact as soon as he got his first job in a shop in nearby Watertown. He sold less than anyone else in the store.

Worked For Nothing

So keen was he to get ahead, however, that he worked for nothing.

His early failure did not worry young Woolworth. If he could not sell the goods, he would make them sell themselves. He would price things so low that people could not afford not to buy them.

He persuaded his boss, William Moore, to let him run a bargain counter. Over it he stuck the notice: "Nothing over five cents."

The women of Watertown fought to buy, and Frank realised that price cutting was the only salesmanship he would ever need.

the new shops Frank was opening. Each brought some money with him.

Frank was happy to have other people handling the selling. He still was no salesman. But he could buy, and to sell articles at five cents and a profit called for very shrewd buying indeed.

Woolworth soon realised he could not keep prices at rock-bottom. If middlemen were going to take a large slice of the profits, so he went direct to the makers. They were suspicious. They had always dealt with wholesalers.

Frank knew he had to break down their prejudice if he were to succeed.

So, in 1886, with seven stores waiting to sell what he bought, he opened a one-room office on Broadway and hung up a sign: Office of F. W. Woolworth, buyer and manager of the Woolworth syndicate. STRICTLY FIVE AND TEN CENTS STORES.

Manufacturers who ventured into the office found that the man behind the desk understood their fears. He guaranteed them bigger orders than ever they had had before, and was even willing to back them—so long as they cut their prices to the bone.

Bought Out Imitators

Woolworth did not shun those people who recognised the success of his methods, copied them. He used his rivals, sharing buying arrangements so that all benefited. Then, gradually, he bought out the stores he had been working with.

In 1904 he paid cash for a chain of 21 stores in America's Middle-West. Seven years later, he controlled 318 stores, 20 of them in England.

He had four big rivals in the United States, the biggest being his cousin Seymour Knox, who owned 112 stores. In 1911,

they all got together in a £13 million merger, and, taking the name of the pioneer, formed the F. W. Woolworth Company.

Thus, Frank had his name over every one of the 611 shops in the combine. He also held a controlling interest in the company.

Now in his late fifties he had reached the peak of his success. The shops of the man who could not sell, were selling £10 million worth of goods a year.

At last Woolworth felt he could relax and spend some of his millions. He built a home on Long Island, all of white marble. The decorations were in the style of Napoleon, whom Frank had admired all his life.

Bed Like Napoleon's

His bed was an exact replica of Napoleon's. It even had a gold crown over it. There were solid gold taps in the bathroom.

The Continent was scoured for souvenirs of Napoleon. What could not be bought was copied. What could not be used in the Woolworth homes was moved into the Woolworth office. Frank began to enjoy his wealth.

Then the poor health which had started him on the road to fortune began to take its toll, and within eight years, he was dead.

When he died in 1919, at the age of 67, the Woolworth Corporation controlled 800 stores in the United States and Canada, and about 60 in Great Britain.

Before his death, Woolworth saw his name go up on what was then the world's tallest skyscraper, 702 feet high. It cost 13 million dollars and stood not far from the little office on Broadway where, 27 years before, he had established his one-room office.

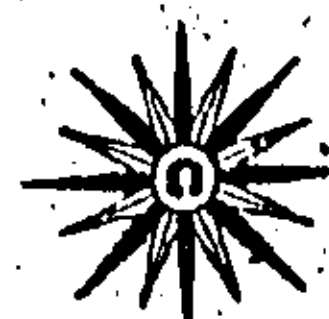
Frank Winfield Woolworth, the boy who was too frail to be a farmer, left a fortune of £9,000,000.

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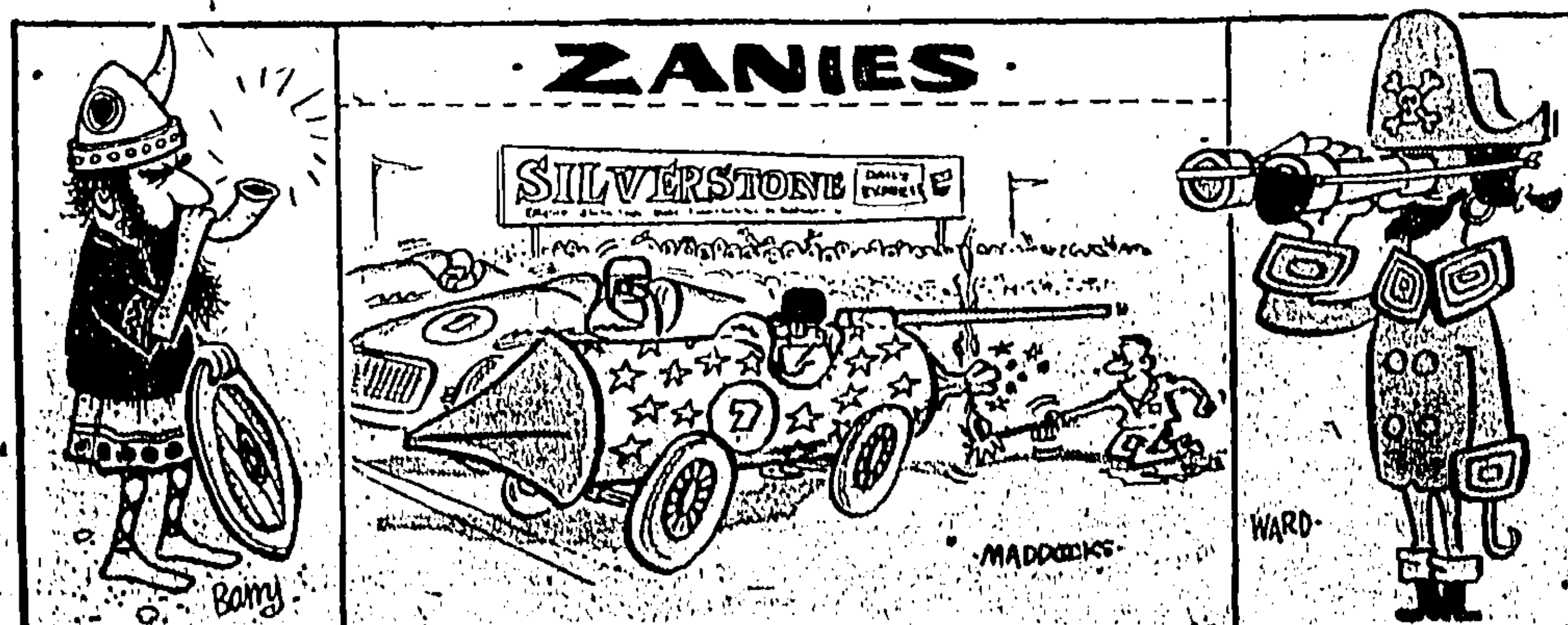
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Cairo's under-cover war moves suddenly to its climax and a girl gives the British counter-spy a vital clue

THE ONE BLUNDER THAT BETRAYED ROMMEL'S SPY

● The great battle for Africa was about to begin...and in Cairo a German spy's radio made contact with its listening post. No had to be found—and found quickly.

● Then came a clue which caused the British security forces to close in round a houseboat on the Nile. "We must get these men," the major told his troops. "And we must get them alive."

IT was a hot summer's morning in late July 1942. A long, thin, youngish man finished the last strokes of his before-breakfast swim and climbed up the pool steps to the terrace of the Gezira Club in Cairo.

As he fumbled around for his spectacles, he heard the voice of his wife calling him.

"Robby—hurry up, Robby! Your breakfast is here. And there's someone come to see you!"

He waved his hand obediently, draped a towel over his shoulders, and went towards them. At the table was a dark, striking young woman, easily as tall as her husband, and beside her a man, smaller and chubbier, in tennis shorts and shirt. The chubby man was Major Alfred Sansom of Field Security.

THE STRATEGY

I WATCHED Robby exchange greetings with them, and, as they bent their heads together and began to talk, I thought: "Who would ever guess that there, at one table, are three of the shrewdest British counter-espionage agents in the Middle East? They look as if they're planning a jumble sale. I wonder what they're really up to!"

I did not know it then, but what they were planning that morning was their part in the strategy that, very soon now, would trap John Eppler, the German spy.

For the spy in our midst (that moment) had made the fundamental error that might well lead him before a firing squad.

The Abwehr—the German secret service—had briefed him well for his mission in Cairo; they had given him the names and addresses of scores of contacts; he spoke perfect English and Arabic and could get around freely and he had been financed for his mission with £80,000 in British sterling.

But what the Abwehr had not told Eppler was that British notes, though shops, restaurants, and hotels would willingly accept them, could not be changed into Egyptian currency through the banks. They had to be taken to the Army Paymaster's office.

CHECKED

AS the notes started to filter in, from night clubs and shops, hotels and brothels, the paymaster began to look at their numbers. Finally, noting their sequences, he called Field Security.

Who was this mysterious person who had so much British money to throw around? A member of the British Forces who had smuggled it in?

But when the sequence of numbers on the notes was checked with the Bank of England, that explanation went out of the window and much more sinister one took its place.

For most of the notes came not from home but from drafts known to have been deposited in Switzerland, Portugal, Spain, and South America. And others, £5 notes mostly, were forged in which had, it seemed certain, been made in Germany—certainly in Occupied Europe. That could mean only one thing. This was the pay-roll of a German agent.

Now all the Middle East counter-espionage services, civilian and military, were mobilised to track this man down. Some of those who had taken money from him described him as a British lieutenant named John. Others said he was an Egyptian friend named Hussein. (There were, unfor-



THE GENERALS AND THEIR 'SHADOW'

Major Alfred Sansom (right) was not only a spy-hunter. His duties included the safeguarding of V.I.P.s and generals. Here he is with General Dempsey, Brigadier Mayman-Joyce, and Field-Marshal Montgomery.

unately, thousands of Hussein in Egypt.)

If only Eppler had used English money at the Kilt Kat he might have been nabbed by Sansom sooner. But he didn't. He had paid his bills in Egyptian notes.

From now on every place where one of the notes had been passed was being quietly covered by security forces. All hotels and clubs had been asked to report anyone offering payment in sterling.

The hunt was on. And Middle East Security realised that there was an urgent need to find their quarry. The monitoring service at G.H.Q., Middle East, had sent out a bulletin to intelligence that morning:

"The secret radio station operating from Cairo was on the air again last night, still transmitting in code. This time someone seems to have heard them. For the first time since this station was discovered they got a reply, also in code. Location of replying station: probably Greece."

The deduction from that was easy to make. The German spy wherever he was, wherever he was, had information to send. And now the listening post inside enemy-held territory was ready to receive it.

In a war area where, at any moment now, the great battle for Africa might begin, who could guess what vital news a spy possessed? It was all important to catch him before he could send it.

All over Cairo, under Major Sansom's direction, the counter-espionage agents moved into position to pinpoint and capture one dangerous man.

At 1 o'clock that evening, in the Dug Out bar of the Metropolitan Hotel, a girl in evening dress slipped away from a group of British officers and war-correspondents with whom she was drinking. "I'll be back as soon as I've powdered the nose," she said, giving each word a delicious French intonation.

She did not go to the ladies' room, however, but to a telephone booth. There Yvette, the girl who claimed to be a French dancer from Beirut but was something very different, dialled the number of a contact man in the Jewish Agency in Cairo. To him she spoke in Hebrew.

"I had a date for 10 o'clock with the young Egyptian Hussein Cramer," she said. "He said he would come. I do not think it is because he doesn't like me. From what I have heard in the

bar tonight, the British are looking for someone. Could it be him?"

Said the contact man: "Why don't you go to the houseboat and find out? Then come here and report."

"I'll do that," replied Yvette. "Shalom, Moshe."

"Shalom, Yvette. And look after yourself."

It was just before midnight when the decrepit taxi deposited Yvette on the Nile bank in Zamalek, a few hundred yards away from Eppler's houseboat. She picked her way carefully through the blackout until she reached the gangplank, and there she paused before going aboard. A chink of light showed from the saloon, and she thought she could hear the clink of glasses and the sound of voices.

But when, finally, she pressed the bell a thick curtain of silence dropped over the whole boat. She rang again. No reply.

"Hussein! Let me in!" she shouted. "It is Yvette. I am very angry with you. Why you stand me up?"

From inside the boat there was a quiet rumble of voices, and then the sound of footsteps and doors opening. Suddenly the gramophone began to play a dance tune, and as it did so the door opened.

"Quick! Come inside!"

A hand reached out and pulled her in, and slammed the door behind her. Yvette looked at Eppler. His chin was stubbled as if he had not shaved all day. He smelled heavily of drink, but he was grinning at her.

"So it's you!"

VOICES

"YES. Me, Yvette. All dressed up—and no Hussein to take her out! Why you do this to me?"

"Sorry." He pushed her on to a divan and flopped beside her and poured a drink from a bottle of whisky. "I had work to do. Couldn't get away. You shouldn't have come out here."

● This series is adapted from "The Cat and the Mouse," to be published by Arthur Barker.

"That's right," said Monkaster. "Let's get drunk."

In the next few hours they succeeded in getting very drunk, hilariously drunk, playfully drunk, argumentatively drunk.

Once Eppler brought a revolver out of a drawer and brandished it at Yvette. "You'd never betray us, would you, cherie? I'd have to use this if you did."

"Silly boy," replied Yvette. "Who could I betray you to—your mother?"

PERFUME

HE stroked his hair soothingly. Slipping his hands in his pockets Eppler suddenly brought out a sheet of notes. "Here, this is from me to you. Stay with me, and there'll be plenty more." He dug into one of the crates and brought out a bottle of perfume. He handed it to her. "For you too, baby. I like dainties to smell nice."

He lolled back upon the divan. Monkaster was asleep. But Eppler remained awake and attentive right through until dawn. And at dawn he was still alert enough to accompany her to the door and see her ashore.

In the monitoring bulletin from G.H.Q. that morning there was a paragraph about the secret Cairo transmitting station. The air, by only intermittently for short intervals. Obviously listening station, not prepared to receive. Unlike substantial message was passed over.

In the Intelligence branches at G.H.Q., that made good breakfast reading. Perhaps they still had time.

As, indeed, they had.

For two things were happening that would do much, in the next few hours, not only to thwart Eppler but also to safeguard the precious security of the Eighth Army in these all-important days before the Battle of Alamain.

In the paymaster's office opposite the Kasr el Nil barracks that morning it was dull and hot and irritating. The queue of civilians waiting to change the night's takings from the troops into Egyptian money from sterling looked more than ordinarily surly, squalid, and unsavoury. The sergeant looked them over, grunted, and went to work, hardly noticing one client from the next.

Suddenly, however, his attention was caught. A hand came across the counter and deposited a pile of notes in front of him.

"Please," said a voice. "I like to make some change."

The sergeant gazed at the pile and gasped. He said: "Where'd you get these from?"

The thin saffron-faced little man in front of the counter licked his lips and looked frightened. "Please? It isn't all right? I assure you I am very respectable. My name is George Androulidakis. I am a Greek."

"Easy, chum," said the sergeant. "Didn't say we wouldn't change it. But first—well, come on in and see the lieutenant."

IN GERMAN

THEN, suddenly, as one record finished Yvette heard a creaking noise. Looking into the hall through the open door she was astonished to see the top of the gramophone lifting. At once Eppler was on his feet and into the hall, closing the door behind him.

Once more she heard voices, and she could identify who was speaking. It was Monkaster, Eppler's comrade who posed as an American (but in fact was his radio operator).

"I tell you," Monkaster was saying, "all they will answer is: 'CONDOR CALL FUNK AUSCHWEICHSTELLE 2400 HOURS TOMORROW. CONDOR MAINTAIN RADIO SILENCE UNTIL 2400 HOURS TOMORROW.'"

"I can't understand it," said Eppler. "Here we have vital news—and they tell us to wait until tomorrow."

They began to talk in lower whispers after that, and then they came back into the room. Eppler looked Yvette straight in the face and, in German, said:—"How would you like me to take your little white neck and wring the head off it?"

Yvette said afterwards: "I could tell he was saying it to my face, to see if I could understand German, but I managed to remain expressionless. All I said was: 'Are you swearing at me, big boy?' At which he looked at Monkaster, burst into rueful laughter, and reached for the whisky bottle."



A spy and his 'voice'

CAT AND MOUSE PART 4

by LEONARD MOSLEY

Half an hour later the telephone rang once more in the office of Major Sansom, Field Security, chief at G.H.Q., Middle East, and once more it was the Army paymaster.

"Hallo, major. A chap's just brought in some more of those notes you're looking for."

Sansom sat up. "Oh, he has, has he? What sort of a bloke is it this time—another waiter?"

"Not quite," said the paymaster. "A grocer."

"A what?"

IN FIVERS

"A GROCER—a Greek grocer," repeated the paymaster. "He has a shop where he sells stores and vegetables in Zamalek. Most of his customers live on the Nile houseboats. And yesterday a chap came in, bought a load of things from him, and paid in English money. Now he's come to cash it in."

Sansom began to button up his bush-shirt. "You just hold on to him until I get over. Meantime...you think he would know his customer again—and where he lives?"

And that was the moment when the fate of John Eppler, the German spy, took its downward turn.

"I think so," said the paymaster. "Says he delivered the order himself—was glad to do so, considering how big it was."

Said Sansom: "What'd you mean by that?"

"Major, do you realise how much money this little Greek grocer has brought in for me to change?" asked the paymaster.

"You tell me," said Sansom. "Three hundred pounds, major. Three hundred pounds, all in £5 notes."

Sansom buckled on his revolver. "Guard him with your life. I'm on my way over."

The same morning, the telephone rang in the apartment of one of the directors of Military Intelligence attached to G.H.Q. On the other end of the line was

the contact man from the Jewish Agency.

"I hear you are looking for a German spy in Cairo," he said.

"Oh, are we?" replied the Intelligence man, casually.

"I also hear you are looking for someone who has been spending too much English money in Cairo," went on the Jewish Agency man.

"You hear a lot."

There was a pause that was almost audibly complacent. "Yes. We have our sources. But tell me, brigadier, what would you say if I told you that a young lady was with me at the moment—and that she is holding in her hand £25 in sterling which a young man gave to her two hours ago? What would you say if I told you that this young man has a rendezvous with a radio set at midnight tonight—but that the young lady is willing to lead you to him now?"

There was a pregnant pause. Then the brigadier said: "I would say, old boy, that the British Army, not to mention the British Government, would be most grateful to the young lady. Most grateful indeed. Where do I get hold of her?"

"She will be waiting outside your apartment in 20 minutes," said the contact man.

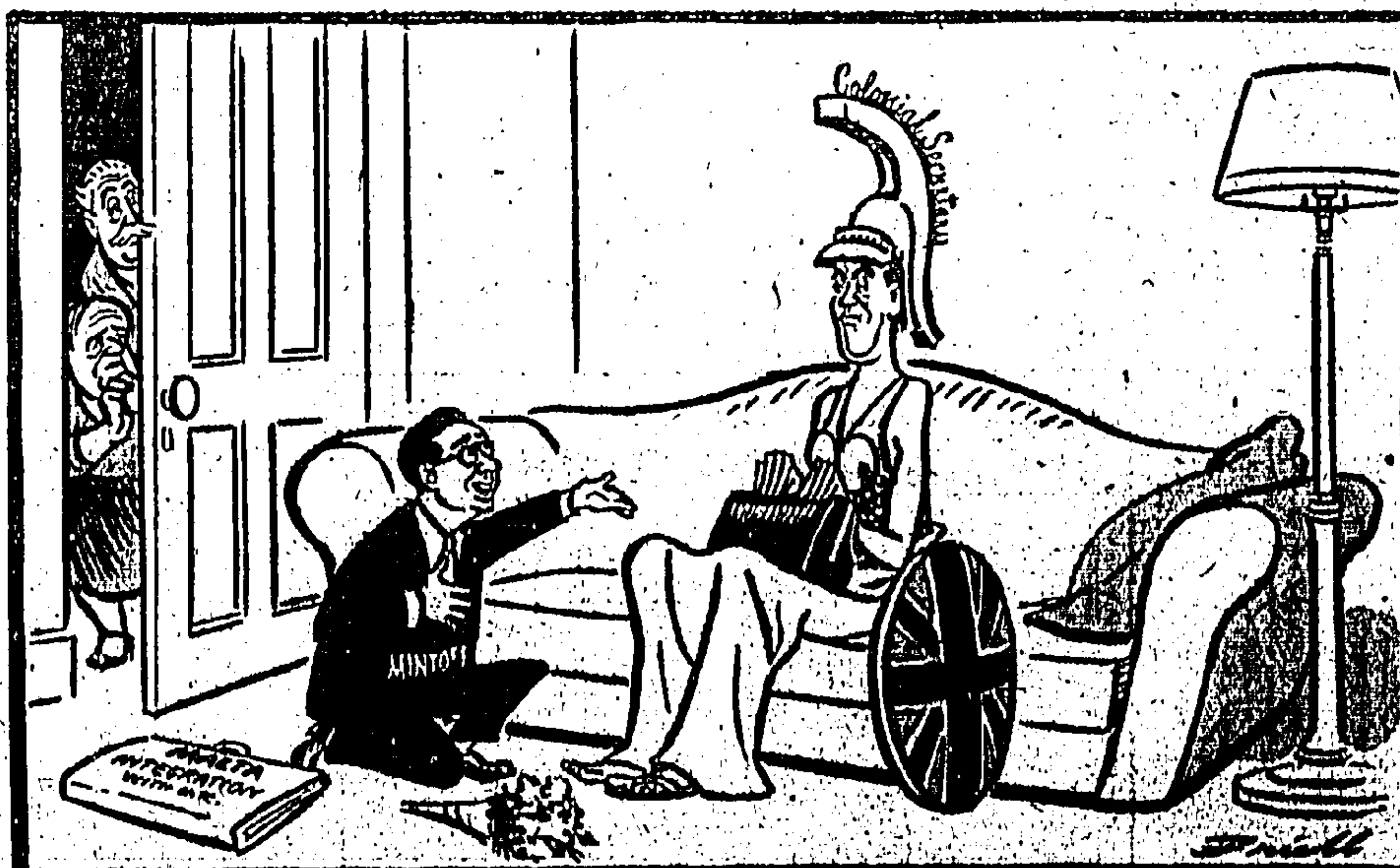
And so, that morning in mid-July in Cairo, by one of those lucky chances which a spy always fears and a counter-intelligence service always hopes for, two fingers point towards the German agent for whom the whole of the brains of Britain in the Middle East were looking.

ENCIRCLED

THE Field Security unit was mobilised by Major Sansom and moved into position. Along the banks of the Nile for a hundred yards each side of the Eppler houseboat men with rifles, revolvers, and machine guns fanned out. A boat patrol took up positions on the river.

And just before the raid upon the houseboat was put into effect

NEXT WEEK: The spies' death pact



"Beloved, before we get married I'd like to discuss my prospects with you—how much can you allow me to start with?"

London Express 21/2/58

COLLECTOR'S PIECE

HONGKONG TALES BY HONGKONG WRITERS

S. W. Rainbird

PAUL is one of those people who sit in everywhere and belong nowhere. He is a Pole in exile—a member of the minor nobility. Behind his little shop in Bond Street there is a place where they make (in exquisite colours) the handbags and shoes which he so successfully designs. He has a small service flat in Kensington which doesn't really get used very much during the year because Paul's work entails a great deal of travelling. During the war, he had been in the RAF, and it was while serving in the same fighter squadron that we first met.

He used his leatherwork business as a front for international smuggling on the grand scale. He had to follow fashion and this took him about a good deal. I have never quite been able to make out whether he was between-man for a high-class force or—what is the American term?—an independent operator. Paul looked for the most money with the least fuss—no questions asked.

Back in 1952 I met him in Hongkong when he was just passing through. Paul was always just passing through places, immaculately well-dressed (his trousers were perhaps rather narrow) with nothing much to do. He had with him a selection of his latest handbags with hues to match. Such colours! Such taste! He was following fashion. He left these beautifully worked pieces with another beautifully worked piece who looked as though she'd stepped straight out of Vogue. She was a buyer for a group of stores.

She said disingenuously that she was particularly interested in what Paul had to offer; but he could be obtuse or susceptible more or less at will and elected not to rise to the bait. So I helped him fill in time and we went to a night club to get the noise of the aeroplane out of his ears. We found two very respectable

Paris, Rome—it was all one to him: home is where the deal ends.

It must have been eighteen months or two years before we ran across each other again. Somehow, when I was in Budapest he was in Caracas and when I was in Vienna he was in Barbados. (He sent me a snap; he looked very brown.) Then, late as usual and hurrying over to Marble Arch one day in '54 for a rather important engagement I met him in Great Park of all places walking with a girl. He contrived to look at once detached, distinguished and involved. The girl was called Felicity Mendip.

I can't say that I was very impressed: Paul could do better than that for himself. She was rather tall and looked languidly through one. I put her down as lower-middle-class gone ritzy. She told me in a thrilling voice that she modelled for magazines and indeed she might have seen me before at a party she rather thought looking up at me with wide wide eyes. I thought to myself: yes and I bet they're only second division ladies' magazines at that which is why you're hanging on to Paul like a constipated sunflower.

However, we exchanged pleasantries and all kept our barbarous thoughts to ourselves—except Paul who didn't have to because he wasn't thinking at all. He was turning over in his mind where we must all go for dinner. But I wriggled out of it; bitchiness is bad for the digestion and I could see that Madame Felicity was all screwed up for Paul and didn't want the company of someone who'd known him so much longer than she had—someone with mutual memories of high living in romantic places.

As she had never been further than Boulogne on a day trip she felt at a disadvantage.

So they went on into the autumn mists of London, she teetering on absurdly high heels. They were hollow and filled with coloured glass. I thought to myself as I hurried on: how strange that Paul should find attractive someone so vacuous.

She's Ideal

WE met next day for lunch. Just Paul and I. I asked politely after Felicity. He was quite happy to answer all my spoken questions. He said: "My dear fellow, I know she looks like a top flight tart but I like her. She's anonymous. She's a more or less human replica of her jazzy photographs—all thigh and uplift. I like replicas better than originals: they don't bite. Besides I must have something on my arm when I am in Town and I'd look a silly carrying one of my own handbags. Anyway she's almost perfect for me. She waves good-bye, doesn't know how to cry and doesn't smother me. She's amenable, unfailing and quite decorative. I'd go so far as to say she's ideal. I might even marry her—make me more respectable."

I said: "The day you marry, Paul, I'll give up crime!"

He smiled: "One never knows old boy."

I said: "What does Felicity gain from this arrangement?"

"She requires me to look what she would call man-of-the-world and distinguished. And this as you know, comes naturally to a man of my background. She also requires me to look 'interesting'—that is worn and ravaged by life because she once read that 'men' who had suffered were specially exciting and smart. This is no trouble because I drink too much and have only one kidney which doesn't work at all well." Paul had it all buttoned-up.

I went round to his flat once or twice. There was Felicity slipping pink gins, her legs curled up under her, showing her knees. She had arrived through Paul she belonged to international café-society which made Walton-on-Thames Espresso Bars seem very small cheese.

Love Nest!

I LOST touch with Paul again and didn't see him again for ages though I occasionally caught wind of where he'd been. To tell you the truth, my own little trouble caught up with me at last and I had to leave London in rather a hurry. In my idle moments, playing peck-a-boe with tempo, I used to think sometimes of Paul and his mannered, carefree existence: travel and discreet, gentlemanly, clean crime. No worries, no lies, no family. I remembered him, saying once, striking that little blond goatee of his: "Take life lightly, old boy. Don't gather, don't collect, don't anticipate. Just live for the moment and keep it good."

She was amenable, decorative,
and didn't know how to cry.

He was man-of-the-world, distinguished,
and worn and ravaged by time.

I used to think that I'd like to be like that—free of heart and having a silky golden beard.

I found myself, in due course, in Hamburg. I was walking one evening along the Raperbahn avoiding touts with massive English disclaimers (but little genuine resolution). Then I suddenly saw Paul going into a café. Naturally I was overjoyed: here was a friend in a foreign land and I hurried in after him. There he was, poised and polished, ordering from the waiter.

I said: "Why Paul! What are you doing in Hamburg?" He

looked up in surprise and greeted me like a brother.

Then he said: "London got a little uncomfortable, old boy, so I had to find a new base. And really one feels quite at home in Hamburg."

"But what do you mean 'a little uncomfortable'?"

"There's a warrant out for my arrest"—he said it as though he were not really aware that I regarded arrest as a professional hazard.

"Then you're in the same boat as I am," I cried. "Let's drink on it!"

Paul looked a little put-out: "I hope for your sake not quite the same boat, old boy."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm charged with bigamy!"

"With what?"

"Bigamy, old fellow. Too many women."

"You mean too many wives."

"Same thing with me, my dear chap." He went on: "Do you remember Felicity?" I said: "Well it was her blasted mother who started everything off: said I had no background."

"But that's nonsense!" I cried. "Background is all you have got. There, positively isn't any foreground to you."

"Well anyway," Paul continued, "Mother started to look into things. The fact is, she just didn't want the sort of man who worked in soft leathers to marry her daughter. Well, one thing led to another..."

The whole story came out. Paul who believed in travelling lightly through life and skimming the surface of experience. Paul the non-collector had managed to collect eight wives!

Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he had been unable to prevent himself from

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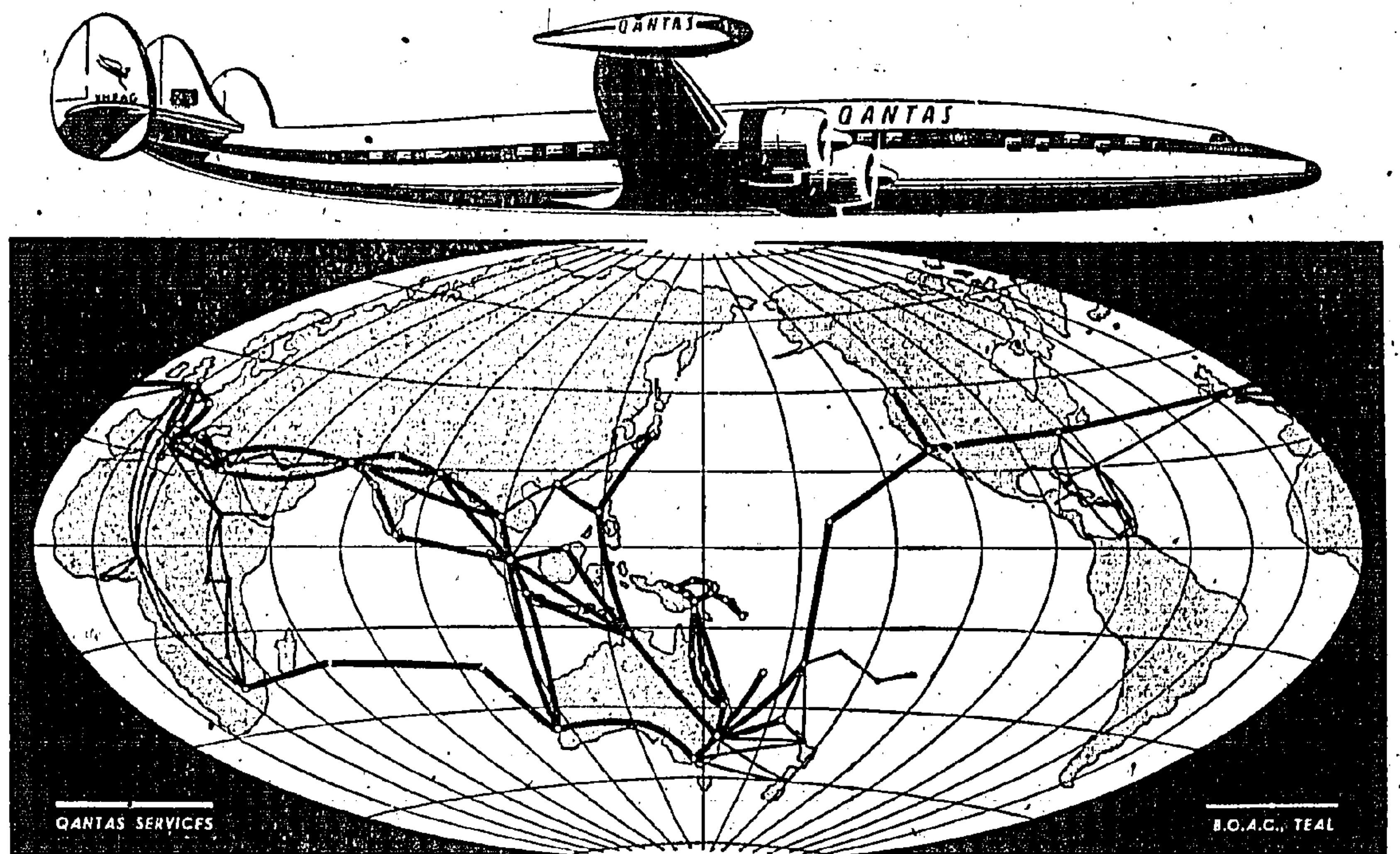
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"Well anyway," Paul continued, "Mother started to look into things. The fact is, she just didn't want the sort of man who worked in soft leathers to marry her daughter. Well, one thing led to another..."

being collected. His eight wives were in different countries—invariably where there was an international airport. They apparently all wanted either to share his prefabricated glamour (and got duty free gifts from foreign ports), or like Felicity (and the little Jewish girl in Malta) to mother him and make a love nest for two.

Paul in a love-nest! I couldn't see him settling down anywhere and living a routine sort of life. I couldn't see him doing anything except getting in and out of planes, drinking champagne and following fashion!

Paul looked across at me: "Have another beer, my dear chap. Here, Ours!" The waiter came and while Paul was ordering I noticed the pretty German girl come in and look around. I saw her eyes light on Paul and her face brighten with recognition. She came over and Paul, smiling with pleasure, got up with all the courtesy of a citizen of the world: "Wanda, how nice!" Then, turning to me he said: "I don't think you've met my wife, have you?"



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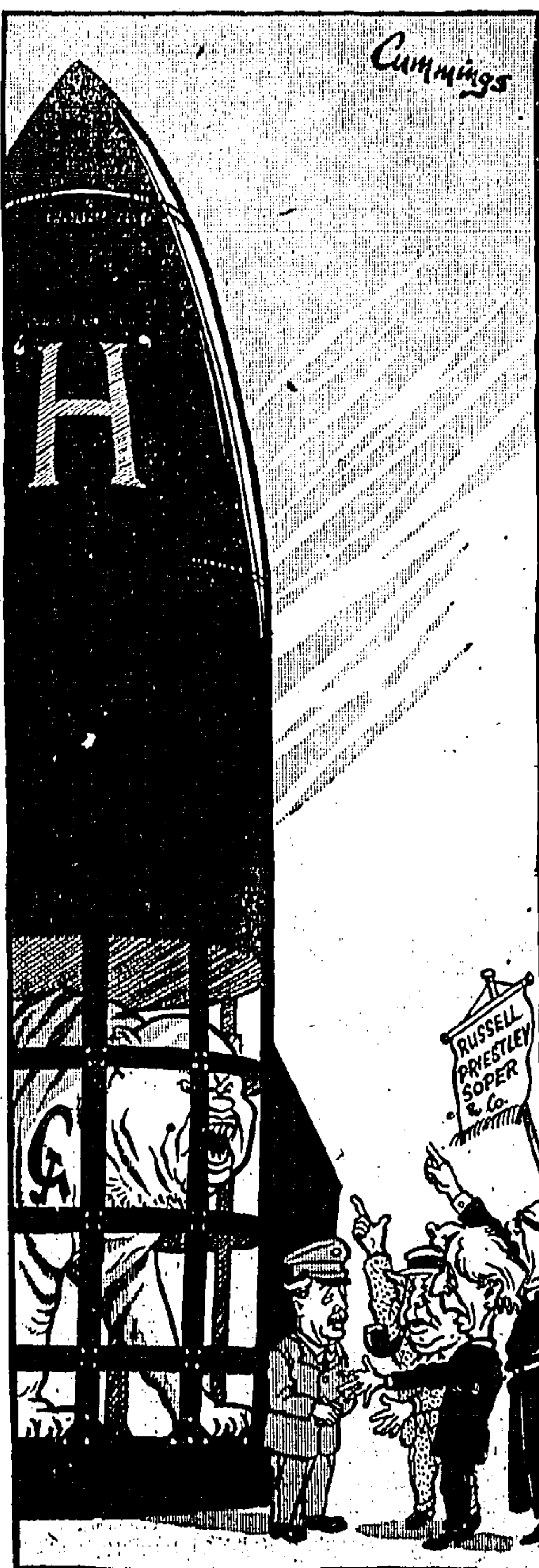
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"Mr. Macmillan! Take away that cage—can't you see it's infuriating that poor man-eating tiger!"

THE LAST DAYS OF SHANGHAI

I RARELY went down into the city during that winter of '49-'50; there was nothing to go for. But this particular afternoon, just before Chinese New Year of 1950, I had been called, in to meet the managing committee of the Shanghai British School, and discuss the fantastic financial position brought about by the presentation of a tax bill I was totally unable to meet from any funds placed at the school's disposal.

Obviously, we should have to close. But we could not close, for we had no permission to do so. Meanwhile, even if no children attended, the staff would have to receive their salaries; they would occupy their apartments, and while they did so, these fantastic taxes would have to be paid. Furthermore, the Chinese staff would have to be maintained, and so they were until the school was no more.

However, that was the position for every concern in Shanghai, and the old saw, "you can't get blood out of a stone" lost all meaning for us. After the meeting was over, I decided that being down town, I would have a look round. It was a bleak day, and the sky hung heavy, and the Huangpu, the once busy river that carried hundreds of ships, was empty. As I gazed across its dingy dirty face, I felt terribly depressed. The river was the first to die, and if the river was dead, how long could the town last?

The once so bright and busy Bund was dead and deserted. Its lofty banks were empty, its many warehouses idle, its Custom House a cenotaph of mocking memory.

Even the trees on the Bund were stripped of their leaves, and seemed to stretch their thin branches as if to plead mercy of the icy wind that could not hear their plea.

I decided to walk home, no mean distance, and my journey took me along the thriving city quarter, through the once prosperous shopping centre, and up through Bubbling Well Road.

It has become the habit for every tourist to quote parrot fashion, "but the city is wonderfully clean, now." It is one of these silly remarks, like saying of London, "I think your policemen are wonderful." Yet in the case of Shanghai, such was the case. The Communists did try to bring about a sense of civic pride

by making people attend to such matters as street cleanliness. What I mean by the foolishness of the remark is, that people make it, as if there were nothing else to comment upon. But as I saw it, it was not a sparkling cleanliness, but the regimental cleanliness of a barrack room. Everything looked grey as if everything were washed without soap and scouring powder. It reminded me of the advertisement, "Somebody's mother isn't using."

The great stores were beginning to empty. Gone were the window shows, and in their place were empty cartons, the once bright advertising slogans faded from their covers. Thin layers of dust settled upon everything, and the assistants stood about listlessly.

A Dead Age

ONE great store stood empty, but around were a crowd of workmen turning it into a co-operative store for the people. I wondered what would these people say, who years before came laughing into Shanghai's gaiety, to shop in this store that once held all the fabulous East in fee. It was necessary, but oh! It seemed so sad that bleak afternoon.

Looking back, it seems the impression my mind's eye carries, is that of an icy volcano scattering the town with the chilled dust of a dead age. No longer did the lights glow, for we were short of electricity, and in the dim yellow glow of the street lamps, Shanghai shuddered in death. I entered Bubbling Well cemetery to place some flowers on the grave of Pembroke Stevens, the famous British War Correspondent. I did not know him in life, but somehow I remembered reading when in England of him, and my admiration for his craft made me take on that duty.

As I stood there alone, I could feel the creeping

paralysis as a symptom, almost physical, as the town slowly expired. It was a kind of nightmare feeling, a sort of fantasy one finds in tales of that kind. Of a sudden destruction that has overtaken the earth, and you are the last person left alive.

No longer did the music emerge from the Paramount Ball Room. It was closed;

American lady who while reclining on the platform and gazing at the ceiling, recited a poem. What it was about I do not know as I cannot understand such poetry. It was something about fleshy branches with clinging tendrils drinking one's life blood, and it made me feel most depressed, especially when she had to lie on her back to recite it.

The third item that hits my memory was contributed by the children of the theatre. They were all dressed up as little soldiers carrying little guns. This seemed worse than ever, for children were not made to play with guns. Nevertheless, they received

grim, and the Communists made no attempt to disguise their hatred for those who had interfered in what they considered their internal affairs. Personally, I thought the British Government's attitude the correct one, that which it has followed since the Congress of Vienna of refusing to interfere in the internal policy of any country where the people rise against their rulers, and we in Shanghai wished that they would follow it more courageously.

Then the Dictatorship of the Proletariat began properly. The new Government with power now indisputably in their hands began that long propaganda cam-

The Dying City

hysterical applause, for they mimed the conquest of the public in civic responsibility.

The lecturers seemed to me for the most part to be University students, and what they lacked in knowledge, they made up for in fervour. They lectured in the streets on health, cleanliness of the home, education, and the brave new world. For the young, it was very heaven to be alive, but the old, preferring the slow dull ways of the old life, disliked all the new stuff which broke down centuries of stiff conservative practice which had long crystallised China's pattern of life.

Most active, and most fervent were the young girls. As if to revolt against the former mining daintiness of Chinese elegance, they dressed themselves in shapeless blue uniforms, and overcompensated the essentially feminine attire that signified the old way of life. They strutted and shouted, they pleaded and threatened, and in every way proved that the subordinate role that had been thrust upon them in the old China was a mark of masculine selfishness.

These Amazons were the forefront of China's attack on the bad old ways. Never have I known such zeal. Their hours of labour were

Then Formosa was placed out of bounds, and the Seventh Fleet patrolled the area, and we received the full blast of the Communists' hatred. The wave of anti-Western feeling following these actions was an inspired emotional burst.

It was during an air-raid that I first saw the Russian MIG. About four bombers were flying in a circle, lazily casual, low and confident when suddenly, the jet fighter dropped out of a low haze and put in a burst on the tale of a bomber. Crippled, it made for the sea, and later I heard it had crashed, as had a second. From then on, the bombers came at night.

But for we who were locked away, life was very

determined only by the assignment they accepted, and they accepted everything. Whether the male liked it, I do not know. Long years of custom had assured him he was a superior being merely by the biological accident of birth. Now, the New China demonstrated that he would have to go all out to keep up with, let alone surpass, his formerly despised sister.

It might be asked, how much of this propaganda did the people believe, or, on the other hand, what proportion of the people believed. The answer is, the propaganda was effective among the poorest sections of the community, which means, I should imagine, about ninety-five per cent of the people.



I had to see Mr. A. K. Murray about the school's financial position. Notice we both dug down into our own pockets.

foreign exchange, and the way he would benefit from a higher standard of living when China controlled her own affairs, but it was impossible. I asked him, did he consider me a rich man. He gave an unqualified yes. I laughed at the time, but I see his point, compared with him, I was rich, very rich indeed.

On the other hand, the educated class knew that China's struggle would be long, but they fully approved the action their Government was taking. They knew the transition from foreign influence would be marked by a stage of grim struggle, but they had no fear for the future. On the question of people such as myself who were caught up in a mesh they had not helped to weave, they made no comment.

Every firm and institution now made a retrenchment scheme against such time when we could leave. I found that for the school alone, I should need something like thirty thousand pounds to meet the commitments of the next two months, that included taxes and the pay off of the members of the staff who would become redundant once Shanghai re-opened.

Then I fell foul of the authorities. At Chinese New Year, we paid the servants, and the school's Chinese administrative staff double wages. We also gave the usual raise to those who qualified. We had a lazy gatekeeper who shared his duties with another. One lunch time, some coats were stolen from the school, and when we investigated, we found the gatekeeper had gone off duty. On that account, while he received his New Year money, I withheld his annual rise in wages.

He thought otherwise, and I was held in my office by his particular Union, authorities, who demanded an account of my conduct. I gave them a report of what had happened, and then began one of those interminable conferences so loved by time-wasting bureaucrats.

I was not allowed to leave my office, so prepared for an all night sitting. One by one the Chinese staff assembled, and being, apparently, satisfied themselves, they did not speak harshly of my behaviour toward them. But as officialdom had to pronounce in favour of the Chinese, the case was decided against me. I then asked the official how China of the future was going to reward good work if they treated slackers as well as they treated good workmen. Unfortunately, this called for more discussion. Tea was sent for while we discussed this point.

Some hours later, we decided to give the erring gatekeeper half his rise in wages, and I was allowed out of my office.

But there is a sequel. The lazy gatekeeper was enrolled into the Civic Guards, and he along with his conscientious colleague had to report to the nearest Police Station when they went off duty. I heard the two of them discussing this, and one sounded very angry.

Mr. A. K. Murray was Chairman of the Shanghai British School at the time, and he sent for me to give him an account of our affairs. I had to draw up a budget and estimate my accounts for the proposed retrenchment.

After we had finished, we spoke of what plans would be in the best interests of the school, and then I told him that should a way out from Shanghai be found, two-thirds of the children would leave immediately.

He told me to go along and prepare for retrenchment, for possibly, a way out via Tientsin would open for all those holding non-executive positions. That was the Communist Government's decision; executives would be detained in order that their financial obligations to staff and Government were settled satisfactorily.

**Next Week:
THE WAY OUT**

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

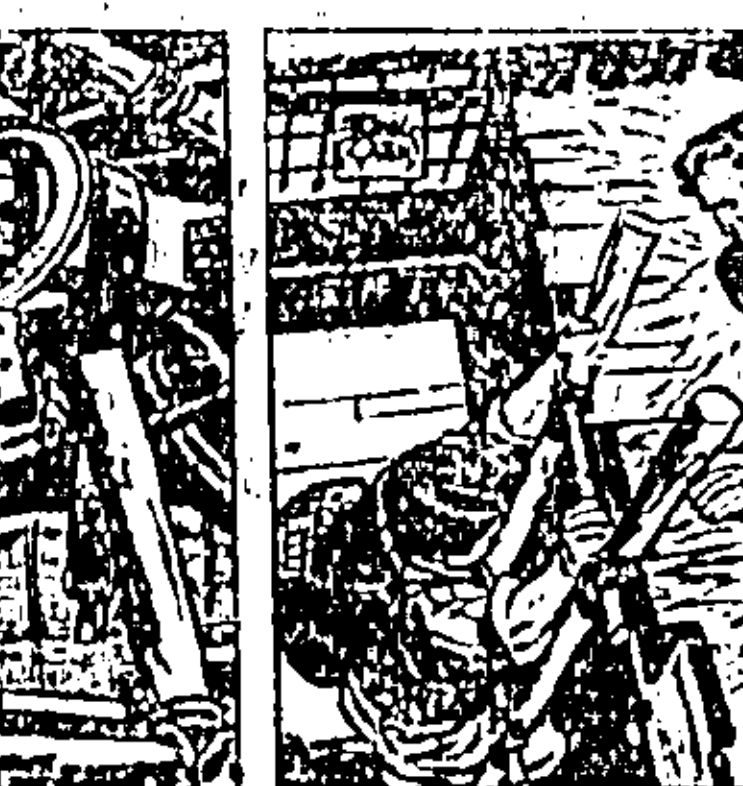


By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

There's More than Magic in CADBURY'S



JOHNNY HAZARD

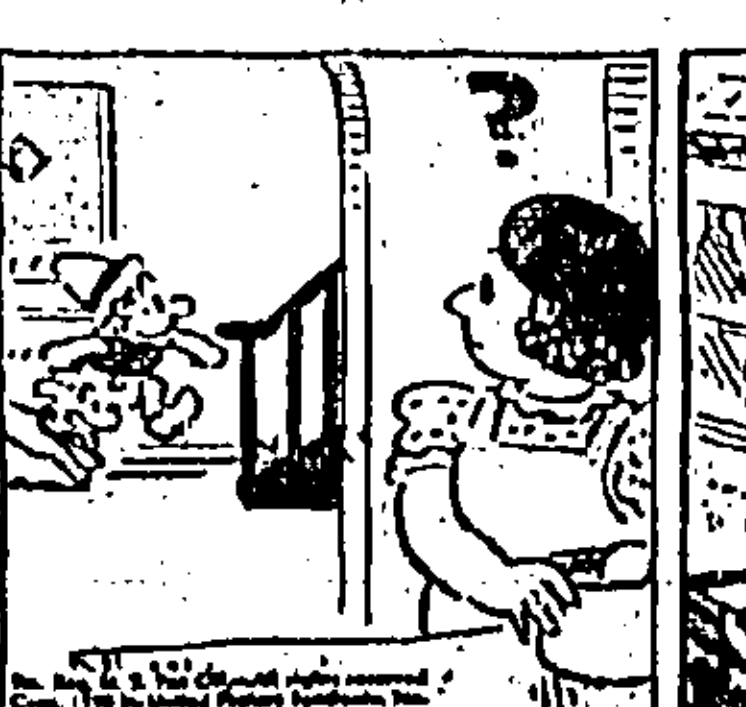


By Frank Robbins

AUSTIN

have
A WIDE RANGE
OF CARS
for
HOME LEAVE
METRO CARS (H.K.) LTD.

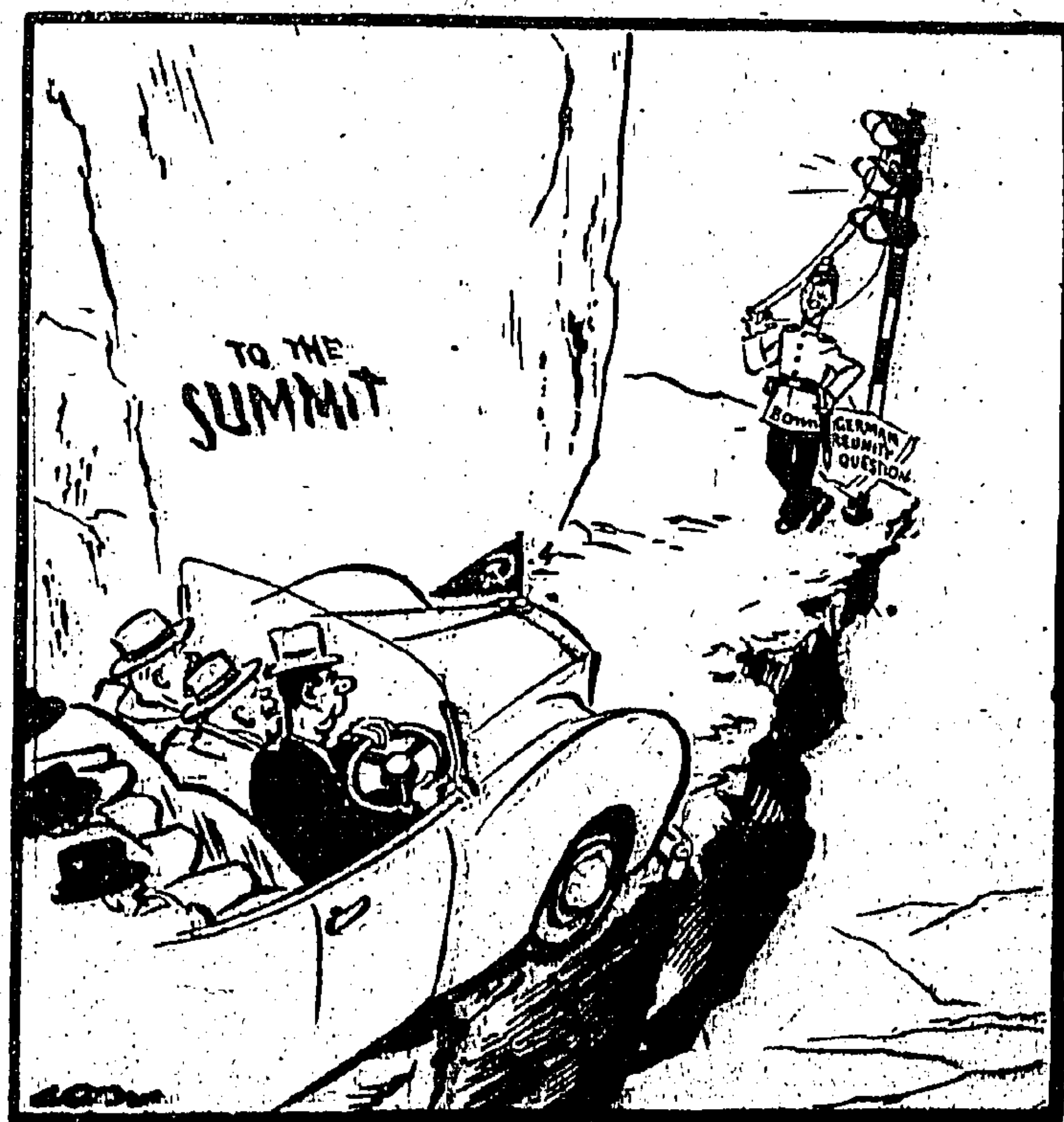
FERD'NAND



By MUK

BRUSSELS FAIR

FLY
SWISSAIR
17 APR-18 OCT



TRAFFIC CONTROL

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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Mrs. Eisenhower is on it now!

SLIM the Uppercrust Way, lose weight in the best possible company, take the Diet of Distinction.

This is the diet which the toppest, richest, blue-blooded-est people in America pay £200 a week for.

It is the diet programme given at Maine Chance Farm, Elizabeth Arden's beauty clinic near Phoenix, Arizona, where Mamie Eisenhower and her two sisters flew recently for a fortnight's glamour treatment.

Follow these menus for two weeks and you will lose 11lb. a day.

No salt

FIRST, there are a few general rules to be followed throughout the 14 days. No salt is allowed in the Maine Chance diet. Health stores carry salt substitutes, or some people use tabasco sauce as a substitute.

No alcohol is allowed. No second helpings. But you should have a lot of rest, sleep, fresh air, and exercise.

Consult your doctor before you start the diet. It begins with a day of liquid cleansing diet, followed by a week of a thousand calories a day.

Here is the preliminary one-day Cleansing Diet:—
Drink a cup of vegetable broth three times during the day. To make the broth cook fresh vegetables in a small amount of water. Onion, carrots, cauliflower, cabbage, watercress, parsley, one potato, and mushrooms are recommended.

Cook the vegetables until tender then strain off the broth. While the broth is still hot beat in a whole egg (it will cook from the heat of the soup). In addition, drink a cup of fruit or vegetable juice every two hours. (Tinned tomato juice, or unsweetened grapefruit juice or squeezed fresh orange.)



THE DIET OF DISTINCTION!

by ELIZABETH ARDEN



7.15 A.M.	TWO OR THREE GLASSES OF WATER (LUKEWARM)
8 A.M.	BLACK COFFEE OR TEA
9 A.M.	ONE CUP CLEAR VEGETABLE BROTH
11 A.M.	CARROT RAISIN AND COTTAGE CHEESE SALAD
1 P.M.	SMALL GLASS OF SKIM MILK
3 P.M.	VEGETABLE OR FRUIT JUICE COCKTAIL
7.15 P.M.	GRILLED LAMB CHOP, HALF CUP STEAMED GREENS, BAKED APPLE, SMALL COFFEE
9.30 P.M.	ONE CUP HERB TEA

STAR RECIPES

APRICOT WHIP: Three-quarters of a breakfast cup of cooked and sliced dried apricots, one or two egg whites stiffly beaten, honey. Fold apricots into stiffly beaten egg whites. Sweeten to taste with a little honey.

Spun into a baking pan that has been lightly greased on the bottom only.

Set the baking pan in a pan of hot water (325deg.) for about 10 minutes or until the centre of the whip is firm to a light touch of the finger. One to two servings.

Stuffed Apple: A la five: Hollow out the core of a baked apple. Mash pulp and pile back into skin. Beat one egg white until stiff. Sweeten with a small amount of honey. Then spoon over top of apple. Bake in a moderate oven (350deg.) until meringue is lightly browned.

★ Clear vegetable broth: for elevenses is made the same way as for the preliminary day but without the egg and flavoured with cinnamon.

RUSSIANS LIKE HEARTY MEALS

IF there is any stiffer competition for a Westerner than negotiating with the Russians at the conference table, it can only be in eating with them at the dinner table.

Dishes and courses follow each other like scenes in a play, until all the stars of the Russian cuisine have made their appearance.

But it is hard for foreign visitors to keep up with the eating and drinking habits of their hosts, at least they can all find something in the Soviet diet to their liking.

Americans delight to discover that they are not the only ones who like substantial breakfasts. Unlike most Europeans, who are satisfied with a cup of tea and a roll, Russians are likely to consume a large bowl of porridge, a plate of fried eggs and sausages, bread and tea. There are even those who will like cheese, caviar, fish or a meat cutlet for breakfast.

The Russian cuisine is the melting pot of many nationalities, and to prepare it well requires an artist's imagination and training.

BASIC MATERIALS

An eloquent advocate of this claim is Fedor Georgievich Goryagin, head chef in one of Moscow's oldest and most reputable restaurants, the Grand Hotel. With grey hair bristling from beneath his white cap and a modest figure which belies the fact of having spent almost a lifetime in the kitchen, Fedor Georgievich delivered this brief definition of the Russian cuisine.

"My basic raw materials are butter, smetana (Russian sour cream), potatoes, kasha (a cereal), cabbage, several kinds of fish (perch, salmon, sturgeon) and meat (usually beef and mutton). There are few Russian dishes which do not contain at least one of these ingredients."

It was not exaggerating in the case of smetana. This soothing substance, not quite like anything else in the world, is as vital to Russian cooking as olive oil is to the Italian. It dresses salads, garnishes cheese, cakes and pancakes, decorates

borsch, and forms the basis for many meat sauces.

Judging by the number of orders in the Grand Hotel, the most popular hot dish among Russians is "Kiev cutlet"—white chicken meat shaped in the form of a leg, filled with melted butter and fried in an evenly browned crust.

A TYPICAL BANQUET

According to Fedor, another favourite is so-called homemade roast beef or mutton cooked with onions in a crockery jar resembling a flower vase. Which is similar to homemade roast but also includes cabbage and lots of salt.

A typical banquet at the Grand Hotel would begin with an assortment of zakuski (hors d'oeuvres)—black caviar, cold salmon, fresh cucumbers, and a mixed meat, potato, cheese and mayonnaise salad.

Bouillabaisse, or pirozhki (small meat filled cakes) would follow.

Or perhaps borsch or shi, favourite Russian soups made with potatoes and cabbage.

The main course would most likely be, if not Kiev cutlet or soynenka, sliced beefsteak "natural" (without sauce or garnish) or one of the common fish prepared in casserole form or cooked on a spit.

For his dessert, a Russian is apt to have ice cream, which almost everywhere in the Soviet Union is excellent. A fruit compote, or, if he can still manage something heavy, blinichki (pancakes) with jam or smetana.

Asked whether there has been much change in the Russian cuisine over the last 50 years, Fedor Georgievich replied that it is even more varied now than before the revolution.

"Many more vegetables, fruits and milk dishes have been added to our diet through improvements in technique, long distance transportation and refrigeration," he said.

—COLETTE BLACKMOORE

First-Aid Treatments For Poisoning Cases

By HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

DURING the years, I have written many articles on first-aid treatment for poisoning. Just recently, I discussed what should be done in case a child swallows an overdose of aspirin.

Now the American Medical Association's Committee on Toxicology has summed up various first-aid procedures and formulated an official recommendation for the general public on treatments for poisoning.

Important Information

I would like to pass this highly important information on to you.

Speed is essential in all cases of poisoning, since the aim of

first-aid measures is to prevent absorption of the poison. Whether you should administer an antidote first and then call the physician, or call the doctor before you begin any type of treatment, depends upon the nature of the poison.

If the poison is a corrosive or petroleum product, be sure to call the doctor first and follow his instructions.

Safe Guide

A safe guide is to call the physician at once if any of the following have been swallowed:

Acid and acid-like corrosives such as sodium acid sulfate (toilet bowl cleaners), acetic acid (glacial), sulfuric acid, nitric acid, oxalic acid, hydrofluoric acid (rust remover), iodine, silver nitrate (styptic pencil).

Alkali corrosives such as sodium hydroxide-lye (drain cleaners), sodium carbonate (washing soda), ammonia water, sodium hypochlorite (household bleach).

Petroleum products such as kerosene, gasoline and lighter fluid.

Severe Pain

Symptoms of corrosive poisoning, generally are severe pain, a burning sensation in the mouth and throat and vomiting.

While one of the most important actions in most poison cases is to make the victim vomit, this does not apply when a corrosive or petroleum product has been swallowed.

If the victim can swallow after taking a corrosive poison, he may be given:

For acids—milk, water or milk of magnesia (one tablespoon to one cup of water).

For alkalis—milk, water, any fruit juice, or vinegar.

If the victim is one to five years old, he should be given one to two cups; age five and older should be given up to one quart.

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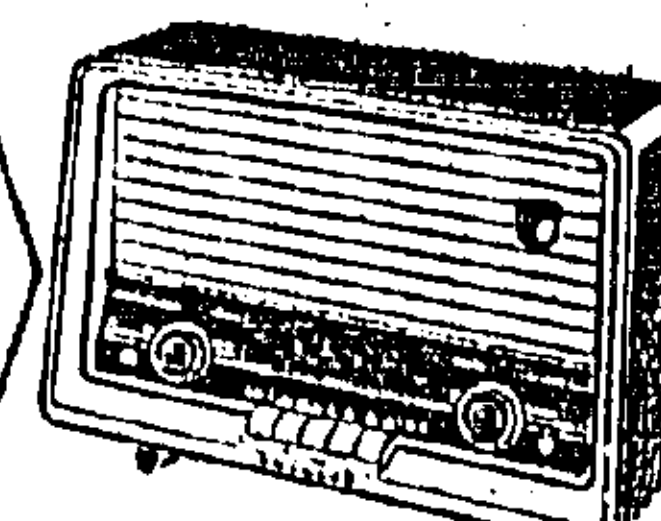
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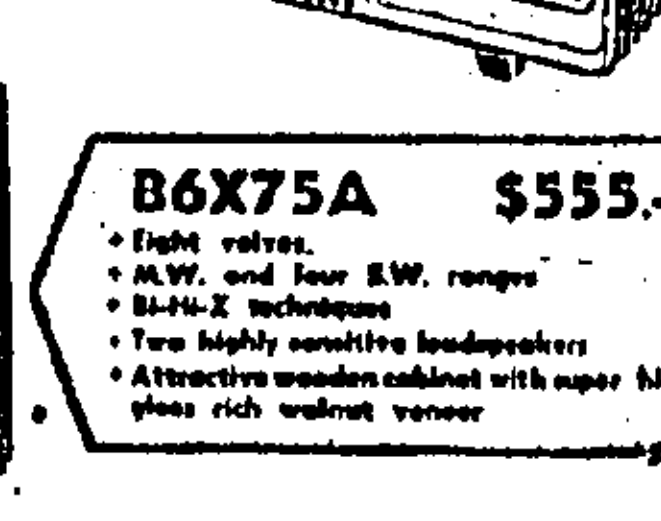
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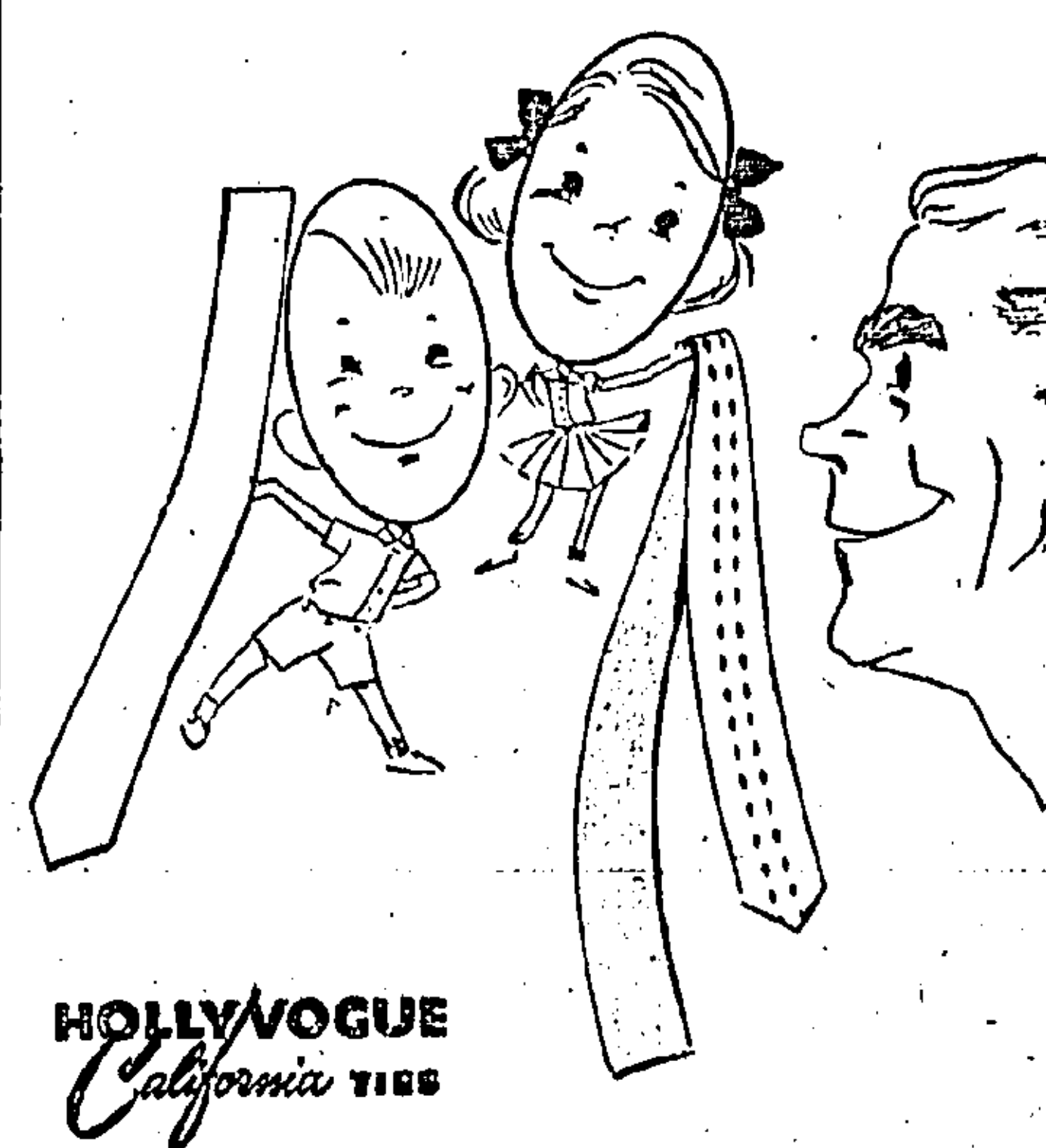


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CHECKS ARE RIGHT FOR SUMMER

Checks are in fashion for summer, and here we show two different ways of using them:



RIGHT: Black and white zig-zag checked cotton is used by Frederick Starke for casual calf-length pants cut in one with a decollete top, and worn with a pleated overskirt and separate black sash.
LEFT: An amusing "Charleston" shoe, designed by Tony Hutchings is in black patent leather and checker-board tweed, with a stiletto heel.

PRETTY AS A PICTURE!

By JEANNE D'ARCY

PAINT a pretty face!

That's the glamour secret of Movie Star Belinda Lee, and she means it literally. She approaches make-up as an artist does paint, armed with sable hair brushes.

"I literally paint my make-up on," she says, and for those who want to do likewise she has this advice: "Take your time. You can't rush the job."

HOLDING THE BRUSH

Step No. 1 in face-painting is holding the brush.

"Grasp it as you would a pencil," says Belinda, who learned this brush bit from studio make-up men while working on her new film, "Miracle in Soho."

"If you have difficulty at first, don't be discouraged," she advises. "It takes a bit of time to develop the technique. Until you've practiced up, rest your elbow on the edge of the table to steady your hand. Use the palm of your other hand as a palette for a foundation and rouge, dipping in as you need more make-up."

The brush technique comes in handy if you're camouflaging bad features.

PAINTING THE NOSE

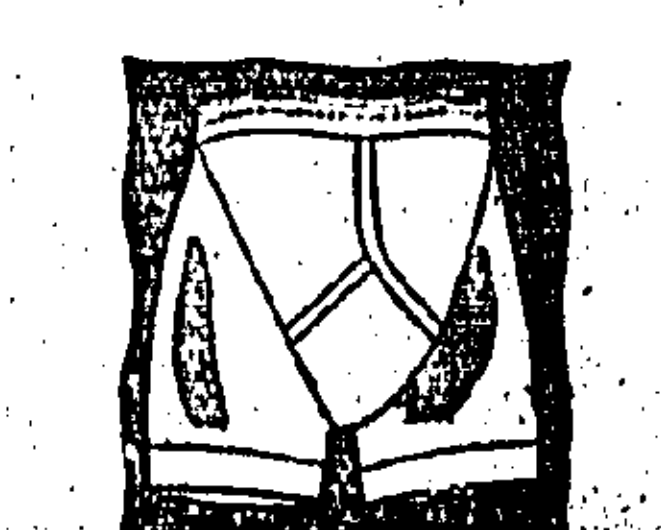
A too-long nose, for example, is minimized by painting on



dark foundation under the nose. If your nose is too thin, paint light foundation along the sides, dark along the bridge. Do just the opposite (dark along the sides and light along the bridge) for a thick nose. You can glamorize a chin line with brush work, too. If it recedes, apply light foundation on the top, smoothing outwards. If it's too thick, paint a line of darker-than-skin-tone make-up beneath the chin, shading upwards into the jaw-line on either side.

Give him comfort for EASTER

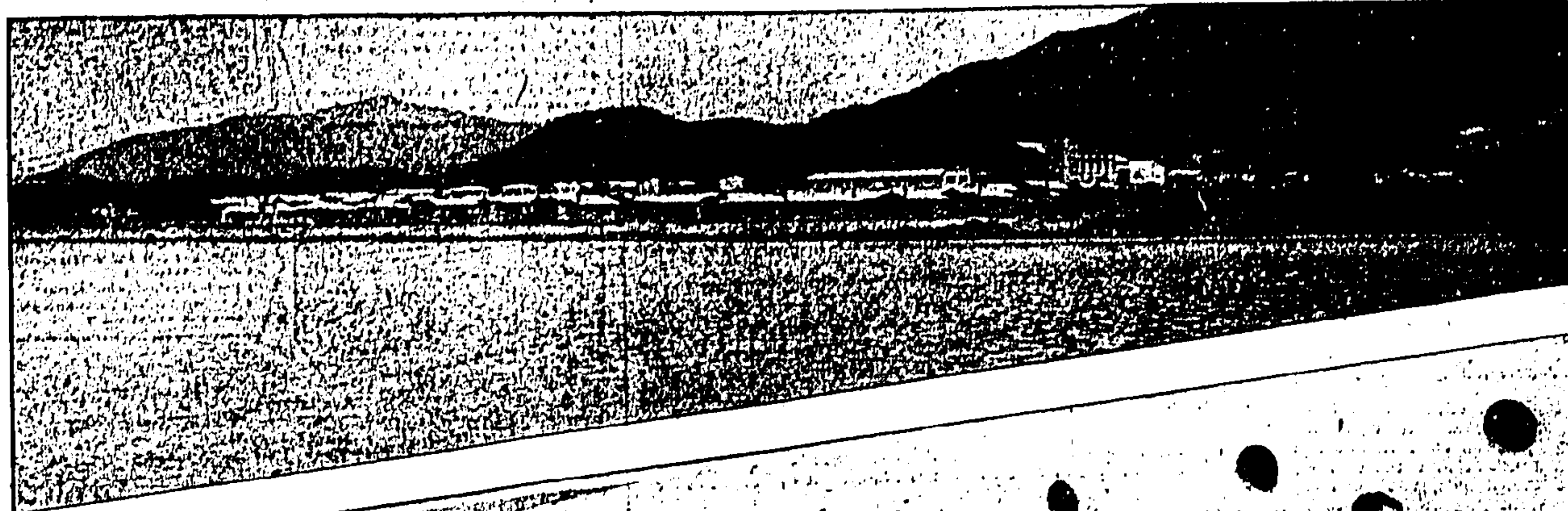
Give Him Jockey UNDERWEAR





CHILDREN'S VILLAGE, a \$6,364,000 project at Wu Kwal Sha (below) is opened by Mrs J. Clarke, wife of the founder of the Christian Children's Fund. One of those who came over from America with the Clarks for the ceremony was (left) Mrs John Blyth of San Diego—met at Kai Tak by two children whom she has supported by individual contributions. Right—part of the celebration, a Lion dance.

Staff Photographer



Brig. Ruth Hummerston and Lt-Col. F. E. Jowkes are seen with Mr Donald Barton, District Commissioner for Scouts, inspecting a troop of the Salvation Army.

LEFT: Arrival of the 1/2nd K.E. VII's Own Gurkhas aboard the troopship Dilwara.

RIGHT: Children of the Macpherson Playground Club dancing at the Shangri-la Ball.

BELOW: Children at the Macpherson Playground rehearsing for the Girl Guide Pageant. Staff Photographers



Lady Baden-Powell is seen at the Hay Ling Chau Leprosarium where she inspected scouts and guides, and opened a Guide Hut. She is seen with Lady Black and Dr Neil Fraser.

Staff Photographer



Rehearsal for tomorrow's Governor's Review of the Hongkong Volunteer Defence Corps. Above—march past by women, led by the WRENS. Below—the 'Old Comrade' section led by Col. H.C.L. Dowbiggin.

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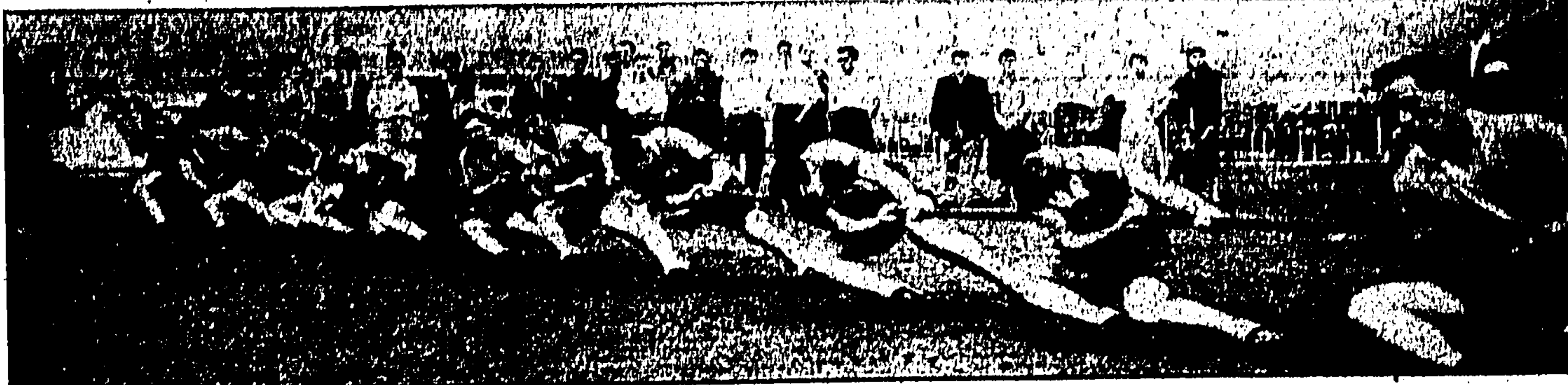
GILMANS

1111-1111



Ten-year-old film actress Shao Fong-fong is seen in her stage role "Eastern Bride" during a performance of traditional Peking Opera before a large audience in Kowloon.

BELOW: Canon Ernest Martin is seen at the annual dinner of St Stephen's College Old Boys.



Troops in action at Boundary Street sports ground during the REME sports meeting.



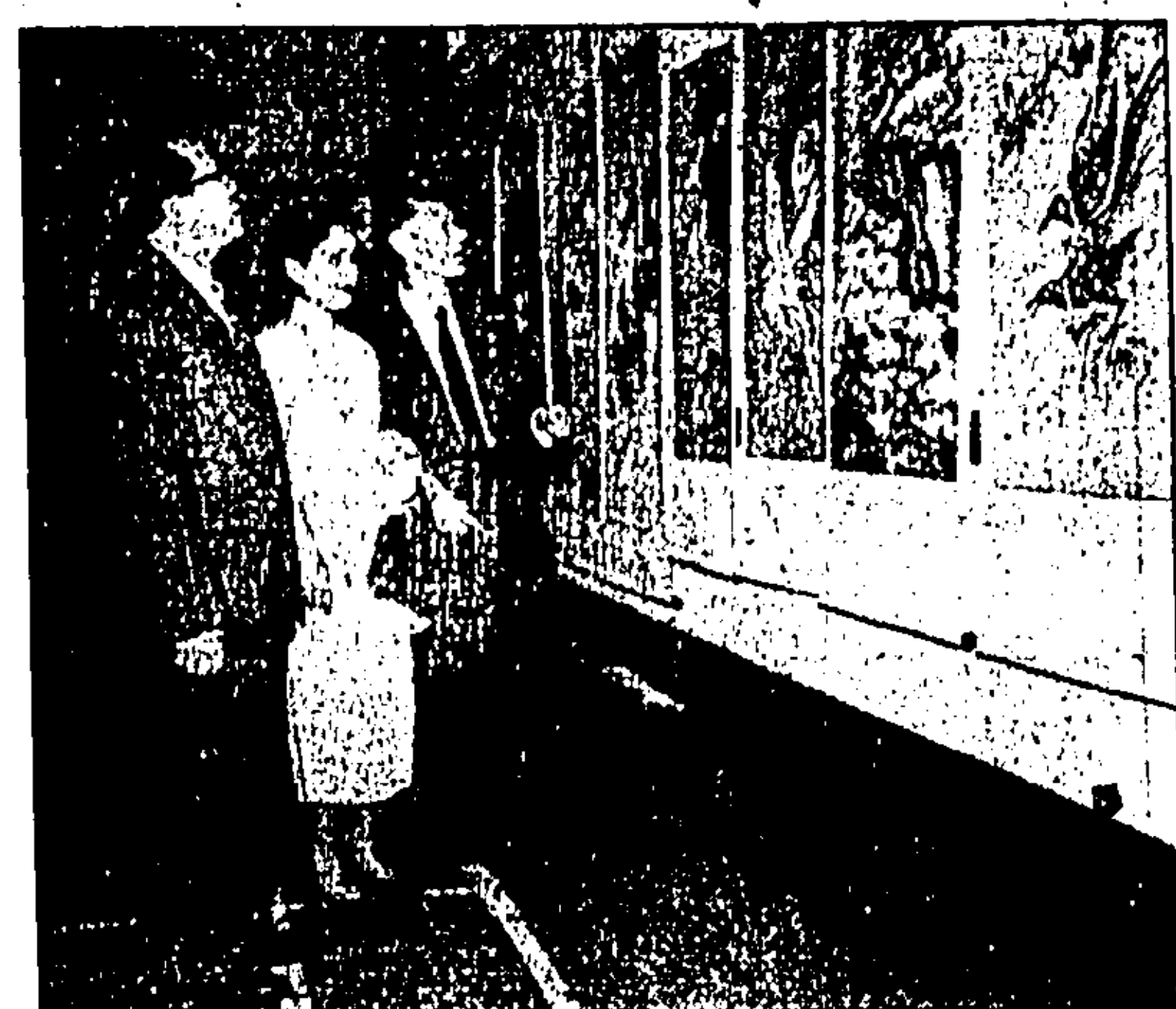
LEFT: Mr W. H. Winn at a farewell reception in his honour given by the Family Planning Association.

BELOW: Fire drifts over the fishing fleet from Tai Kok Tsoi. Staff Photographers.



Lady Black is welcomed by Mrs Chan Fung-chau, chairman of the Juvenile Care Centre, during a visit to the centre.

BELOW: Town planning, parking meters, and traffic control all got a look in at the 6th Annual Traffic Safety Exhibition held at the Hongkong Jockey Club... but the main problem is still "teaching road sense."



Exhibition of Chinese painting at St John's Cathedral Hall by Mr Chiu Sai-kwong. The artist is seen showing his work to Mr S. K. Chiu, and Mrs Chiu who opened the exhibition. Staff Photographer



King Kong arrives in Hong Kong with Richard De La Roche inside (inset). Staff Photographer

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ABOVE: Members of the All Blacks New Zealand Rugby football team who left the Hongkong team 47 points behind in an exciting tussle during their flying tour.

BELOW: Players seen after the Senior Shield Final in which South China beat the Kowloon Motor Bus 3-0 at the Government Stadium. Staff Photographers



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Materials

4 balls selected colour.
Midlands steel crochet hook
No. 3. (Slack workers could
use a No. 3½ hook and
tight workers a No. 2½).

Tension

5 sps and 5 rows 1 in.
(2.5 cm.).

Measurements

16 in. x 24 in. (40.6 cm.
x 61 cm.).

Abbreviations

ch—chain; tr—treble; sp
space 2 ch, miss 2 ch

or tr, 1 tr into next ch or
tr; blk—block 4 tr, plus
3 tr for each additional blk
in group.

DIRECTIONS

Commence with 248 ch.
1st Row: 1 tr into 8th ch
from hook, x 2 ch, miss 2
ch, 1 tr into next ch; repeat
from x 79 times more (81
sps), 5 ch, turn.

2nd Row: Miss first tr, 1
tr into next tr (sp made
over sp), (2 tr into next sp,
1 tr into next tr) 12 times
(12 blks made over 12 sps),

x (2 ch, miss 2 ch, 1 tr into
next tr) 3 times, 10 blks;
repeat from x 3 times more,
3 sps, 12 blks, 2 ch, miss 2
ch, 1 tr into next ch, 5 ch,
turn.

3rd Row: Miss first tr, 1
tr into each of next 4 tr
(blk made over blk), (2 ch,
miss 2 tr, 1 tr into next tr)
11 times (11 sps made over
11 blks), x 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk,
10 sps; repeat from x 3 times
more, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 11
sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 5 ch, turn.

Now follow diagram from 4th
row to top, turn diagram and
work from arrow back to first
row.

Fasten off.

Damp and pin out to measure-
ment.

VERONICA PAPWORTH TALKING... Well, what's wrong with a good fake?

MEMO TO SLAVE DRIVERS

"HOW to handle women," that's what I want to write about—having read Mrs Elizabeth Pepperell, of the Industrial Welfare Society, on Women Working for Men.

Summed up in five and a half words the answer as delivered by her this past week is—**"THEY'D RATHER WORK FOR MEN."**

Yes, sir—every time. Surprised? No, of course not.

☆☆☆

Neither was the Research Institute of America when it discovered the same thing.

But I did like the directive it then issued to all male employers starting—"Women in Business need praise in greater quantities than men."

Splendid, isn't it—and, as any career girl will tell you, it's absolutely TRUE.

My advice to all employers is that a little note of appreciation or a few shillingworth of flowers is the biggest investment a business man can make.

There are plenty of cracks to be made about bosses and secretaries—but in this case the war between the sexes doesn't enter into it.

☆☆☆

I've known very happily married women who would put in hours of "unpaid overtime" on the strength of a note—"I do not know what the firm would do without you."

My own experience is of a slave-driving editor—no, certainly not my present one—who had this whole relationship buttoned up.

"My dear," he wired the day my son was born, "you are incomparably the finest woman columnist in England and the most beautiful mother. What more can I say?"

Small matter that his secretary wrote the following morning: "The editor hopes you will enjoy your fortnight in bed and return refreshed next Monday week at 9.30 prompt."

Lush 'em up, then bash 'em down. That, as any caveman could have told the Research Institute of America and Miss Elizabeth Pepperell, is the way to handle women.

ARE you a house snob?

A furniture snob?

A must-be-old-this-or-the-other-at-all-costs snob? You wouldn't have a "reproduction" in the place? If you're not, you've no doubt met one. There are plenty around.

It doesn't matter if the chairs are teetering on lop-sided legs. They're GENUINE.

Who cares if the bed feels as if it's stuffed with bricks? It's rumoured Queen Anne once slept on it. It's GENUINE.

This snobbery reaches its peak with houses. Just let anyone try to build a country house to blend with the landscape, "Stockbrokers' Tudor," cry the purists.

Of all the words that hilariously funny man Osbert Lancaster has written, these two alone are no longer funny.

As one who dearly loves what is left of rural Britain I'd a darn sight rather see an out-and-out fake built of old bricks and roofed with old tiles blending into the surrounding groups of houses than I would have a glass and stucco triangle on stilts—all le Corbusier and climbing plants—driving a blinding white wedge into the countryside.

Continental architecture has out-bright boys spellbound—but it won't do here.

What looks dreamy on the banks of Lake Lucerne looks laughable sited on a hill above the Waitford by-pass.

So I'd like to hand a big bouquet to the chaps who designed the Berg House at the Ideal Home Exhibition.

The interior is staggering—black upholstery scattered with puce, cerise and peacock green.

Pleasque composition triangles in the sitting room!

But the exterior is fine.

It has a large Cotswold stone chimney stack, pleasant brown paniles on the roof and a first-floor faced with cedarwood cladding.

All the same I'm willing to bet Messrs Berg that it won't be long before some clever guy calls it "Stockbrokers' Cotswold."

Don't worry, boys. For what it's worth—I'm with you.

ILL-CONCEIVED

They have been worked to death in the past few years—an opthet pinned on almost anything with a bit of timbering about it—any house, in fact, not strictly contemporary.

And that's another word that has me reaching.

"Contemporary"—what the blazes does it mean—apart from "of the present?"

Yet it is applied to a particularly sickening shade of acid yellow (contemporary colour), sex in staccato at dustbin level (contemporary theatre), and any ill-conceived house that has plenty of glass about it.

WHAT A HAT MUST DO

THERE are several smashing Danes in the millinery world.

There is Svend in Paris, there is Aage Tharup in London and there is a third with one foot in each capital. He is Erik—self styled "the hat man."

I found him at Claridge's surrounded by heaps of hats piled high like French patisserie and looking equally delectable—preparing for his mammoth show.

"You know," said he, "five hundred people are coming—all customers—all friends."

I tackled him on the new hemlines in relation to hats.

"Oh, these new 'Short skirts, they are so exciting," said he. "So young. But the hats to go with them must be wide, not high and heavy. You-know-who in Paris is making a beag mistake."

"I do not say wide brims, but something about them must suggest width."

I asked if he could think back to any shape of hat that he considered perfect.

"Next season's hat," said he, with a grin. "In this business we always look forward."

"And what must a hat do for a woman, Mr Erik?"

"It must cry 'Look at me, see how pretty I am.' It must take 20 years off her age."

SIDE-STEPPING

"But seriously, are you saying that a hat can possibly do this for any woman, Mr Erik?"

"There are," said he, with a bow in my direction, "some women who do not need it."

How's that for a neat piece of conversational side-stepping?

Could he account for the success that he and his fellow Danes had had?

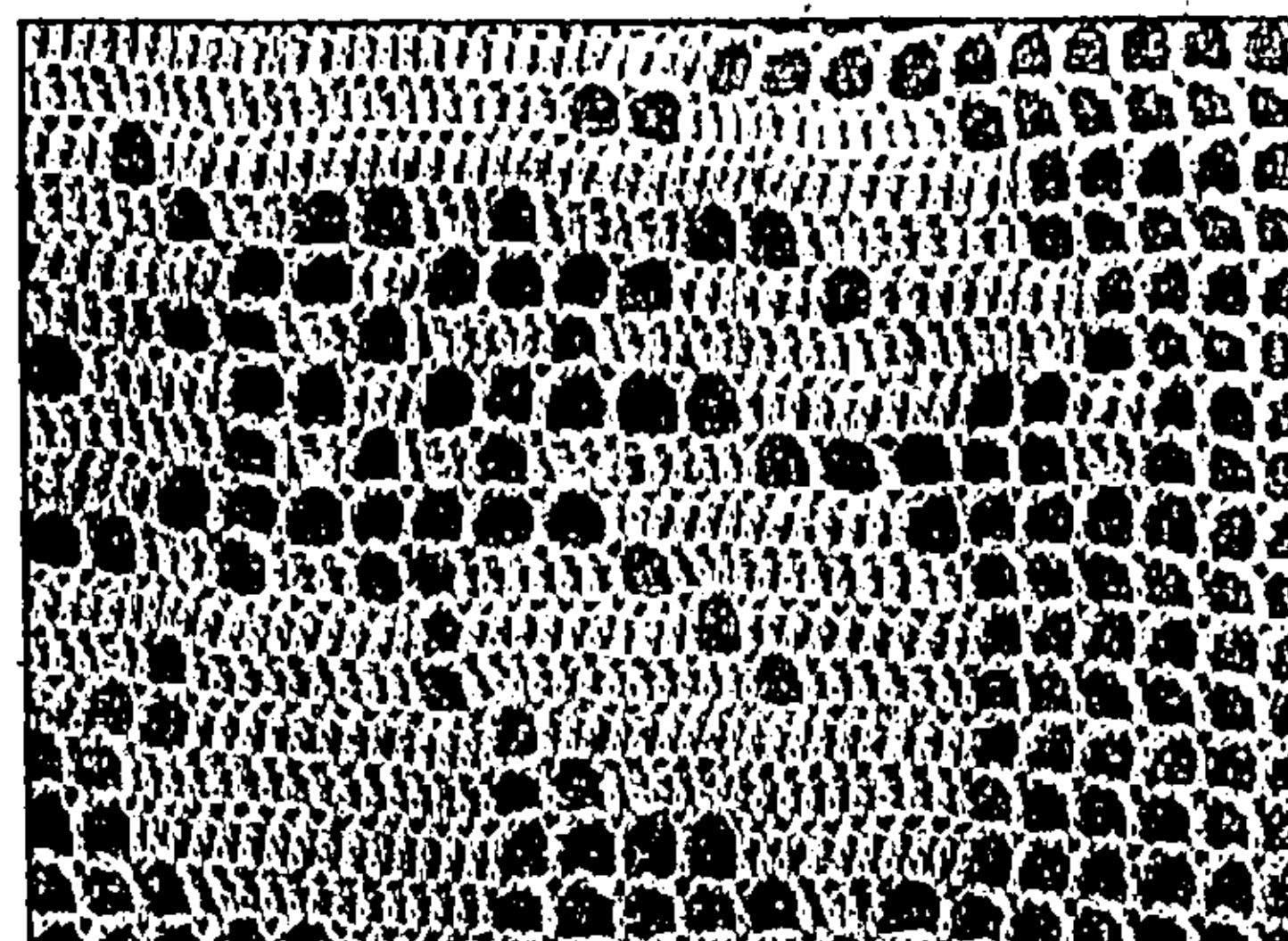
"In my case," said he, "it was accidental."

"I went to France for a short holiday before entering my father's mill. I fell in love in Paris and with Paris."

"Now France is my home. I have a villa in the South just around the corner from Winston Churchill. (He made it sound almost semi-detached.)"

"I go there for inspiration."

Oh, to be a milliner now that April's nearly here—especially a milliner in search of inspiration."



PARIS CHANGES TO TWEEDS AND WOOL STOCKINGS...



WE have heard so much of formal clothes from Paris—but what, I asked DEMACHY, "of the week-end, off-duty look?" He has sketched a country interior. On the left—a bold checked tweed skirt worn with a bright jersey and mistle wool stockings. In the centre—a "easy" tweed suit—again with bright wool stockings. On the right—striped jersey dress with a twisted chiffon scarf at the neck repeating the colours of the stripes.

—Veronica Papworth.



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The men at the top need a month off a year

"SMOKED salmon to start with, of course. Then what about the mixed grill? They do an absolutely enormous one in Britain. Crepe Suzette? Any particular kind of brandy old boy? And a cigar?"

Thus the sound, heard in expensive restaurants throughout the land, of the Business Executive in action for the greater glory of his firm, and his expenses account. The business lunch has become as indispensable to commerce as the typewriter and telephone. It is an acknowledged recipe for success.

WORST HIT

What is not so often realised by the participants, however, is that it may sometimes be an ingredient in the recipe for coronary thrombosis.

Up at Manchester University, Professor Ronald Lane is greatly concerned not only with the effect of the business lunch but the entire mode of living and working conditions of business executives, and their effect on health.

He points to statistics which suggest that the incidence of coronary disease among men in top jobs is greater than that of their wives and other males.

Professor Lane says that various facts imply that the difference is due to the way of life of men. In this important group, for the past two years at the Maudsley Department of Occupational Health, he has been studying the problems of executives' health, to find how best it can be looked after. He has some sobering and provocative observations to make on the subject.

"Too many senior people," he says, "have to eat and drink their way to success. They have to entertain too much—certainly this applies to the smaller of our industries—to have lunches and dinners they don't want. They over-eat and get overweight."

"Many of them, in addition, are completely without exercise, and one thing we do know about coronary is that lack of exercise plays a definite part."

"Too often a man's day consists of this: he creeps out of bed, has breakfast and gets straight into his car which in all probability is in a garage attached to the house. It drives to the office, is chair-borne there all day, and drives back. It is just asking for trouble."

THEY TRY TOO MUCH

Professor Lane is at once concerned with the mental as well as the physical strains that make executives' candidates for nervous breakdowns.

He blames the modern pace of business life for extra stress on management. Because of improved transport, particularly flying, executives may tend to set themselves too tight schedules, get tired, and stale as a result.

"A man flies to America, spends three hectic days there, flies back, then goes straight into the office to write up his reports. I think this is just madness."

The executive's own methods of work may also be an important

—SAYS THE PROFESSOR WHO IS FINDING
OUT WHY BUSINESSMEN BREAK DOWN.

By **JOHN WATERMAN**

ant factor in causing strain on themselves and others. Some men are well able to work at a tremendous rate. They are lucky. But they set a pace which their fellow executives cannot maintain. These, in turn, feel that if they do not keep up they are letting the firm down—and this causes worry.

Some do their best work just after waking up. They find creative activity comes easily in the morning, and purely routine business, like answering letters, is best left till later.

"I personally," says Professor Lane, "find that I tend to get slower as the day progresses."

Other men are the reverse. And some like to do all their "thinking" at home and leave routine to the office.

"It is important," says Professor Lane, "to make allowances for these differences. No one should force himself to try to work in a way that is unsuitable. Above all he should not drive himself when tired."

Professor Lane thus lays bare a disturbing situation in industry. What are his remedies? He says the executive should: Avoid over-eating, over-entertaining, and getting overweight. Take regular gentle exercise. Have an interest outside his work. Know himself and regulate his habits of work in relation to himself and others.

Avoid driving himself when over-tired.

And, firms should: Lay down rules for travel and insist on them being observed. If an executive flies to America he should return by sea—or take the equivalent time off immediately. Give at least a month's holiday to management.

Sitting back at his desk in the Clinical Sciences Building, near Manchester Royal Infirmary, Professor Lane is a handsome, pink-faced, silver-haired figure, looking forward, after the office to gardening, golf and the next fishing holiday in Derbyshire. A fine advertisement, you would say, for his own principles of living.

(London Express Service).



The business lunch is a killer

Why be surprised if a good friend FINALLY loses patience— AND HITS BACK?

by
DEREK MARKS

not too late to do something to stop non-Empire countries dumping their goods here.

Let down

ONE could go on through the long list of neglect, indifference, and folly culminating in the fantastic stupidity of the European Free Trade area plan. If this process continues, then indeed the whole Commonwealth and Empire will disintegrate.

Prime Minister Macmillan has toured the Commonwealth. He reported back that he was inspired by what he found.

He should turn that inspiration into deeds, before other good friends become as embittered as Malik Feroz Khan Noon.

Kashmir. I remember him sitting in his suite at Claridge's and saying with passion: "Your Government just does not understand—this is a matter of life and death for us. And I mean just life and death."

"We have held this position as long as we can—but the people will not stand it for much longer. If we do try to hold it for much longer we shall risk our lives."

As he spoke those last words Noon drew one of his square, powerful hands across his throat. And High Commissioner Ikramullah nodded agreement.

The comfort of Claridge's seemed strangely inappropriate as a background for this flash of passion.

For Noon is a pre-eminently civilised man. He was up at Wadham College, Oxford. He was called to the Bar. As a servant of the old Indian Government he served on the Viceroy's Council and was rewarded with knighthoods in the orders of the Star of India and the Indian Empire.

In the last days of the war he was India's representative on the War Cabinet. His novel, "Scented Dust," is considered to give a fine picture of rural life in the Punjab.

Whenever it is possible Noon travels with his wife, the former Elizabeth Rikh, a beautiful and talented Viennese. His background, his tastes, his

manner—everything about him is alien to passionate violence.

It has taken the indifference of successive British Governments to turn this man to phrases that might well be expected from Nasser—the so-called Commonwealth which is headed by Britain.

Let down

THE story of Kashmir is long and complicated. It was a State that was ruled by Hindus though the vast majority of the people are Muslims.

When Lord Mountbatten presided over the partition of India, Kashmir was provisionally joined to Nehru's India on the strict understanding that a plebiscite would be held to allow the people to decide for themselves.

But Nehru is a Kashmiri Brahmin. No plebiscite has been held—despite all the resolutions of the United Nations. And Nehru's India now holds nearly all Kashmir by force of arms alone.

The country is under military occupation. Reporters who are likely to be hostile to the Nehru regime find it difficult if not impossible to get into the country at all to report what is going on.

To make matters worse, as Noon complained in his speech at the week-end, Britain

has been sending formidable supplies of arms to Nehru.

The only power against whom those arms could conceivably be used is Pakistan.

The lesson is obvious. Unless Britain makes it really worth while to be her friend she will soon have no friends at all.

So little is asked and it is in our own interests to give so much.

One senior member of the present Government once sneered at me: "It is no use the Beaverbrook Press being more Empire-minded than the Empire."

It is true, of course, that as a result of years of indifference by successive Governments many of the Empire ties have been drastically weakened. But that is no excuse to allow the process to continue.

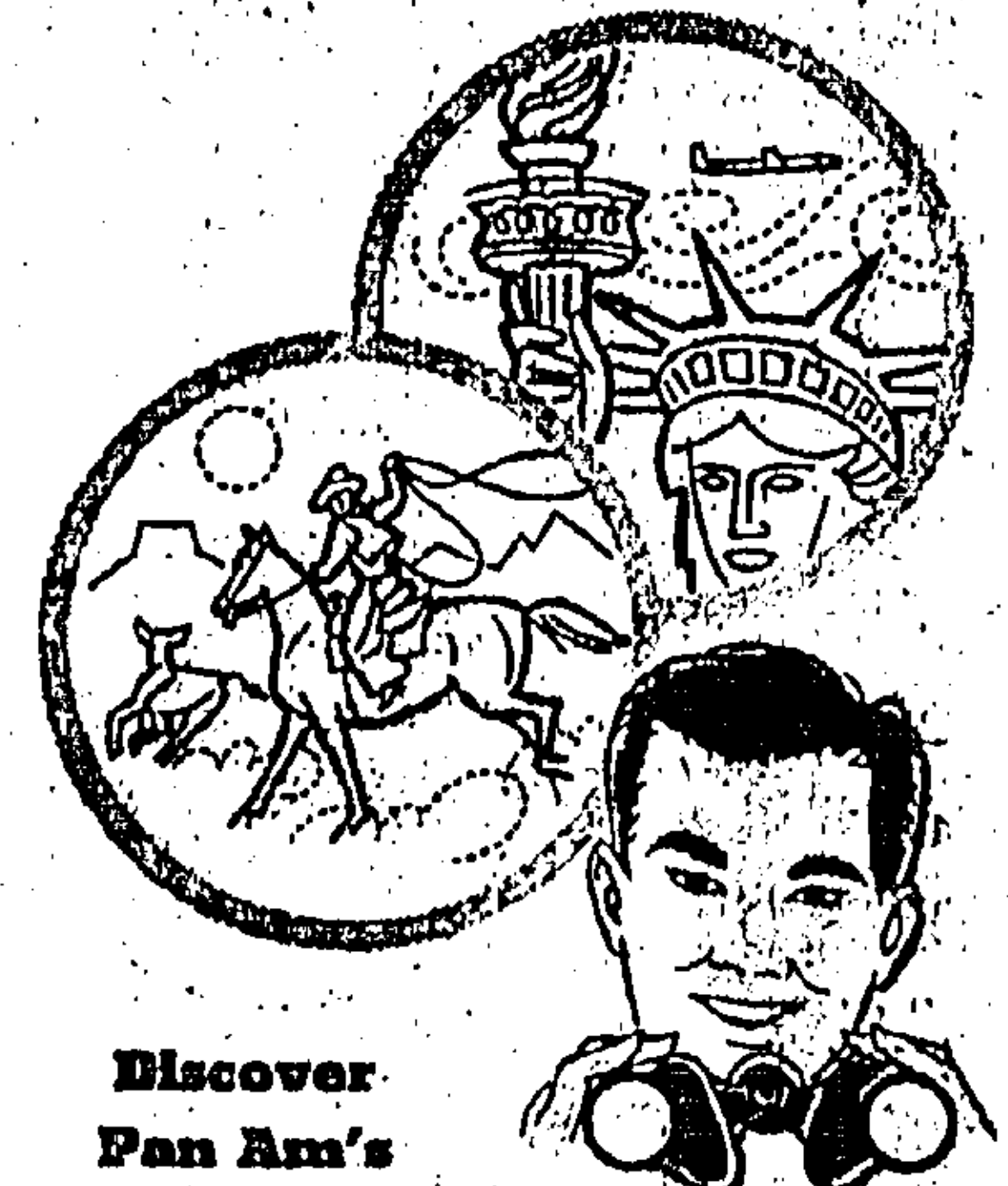
It was no excuse for cold-shouldering Prime Minister John Diefenbaker when he came to London aglow with the prospects of Britain and Canada marching side by side into a prosperous future. Of course, eventually the Government made the right noises. And they put Diefenbaker in an impossible position with the Canadian Free Trade plan.

It was no excuse for doing so little for the New Zealand trade delegation when they came here a year ago. The farmers in New Zealand are hurt and angered—but it is still



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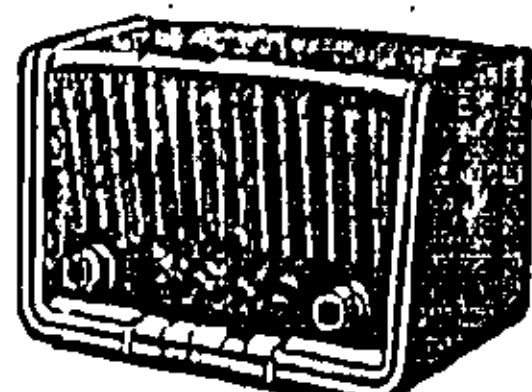
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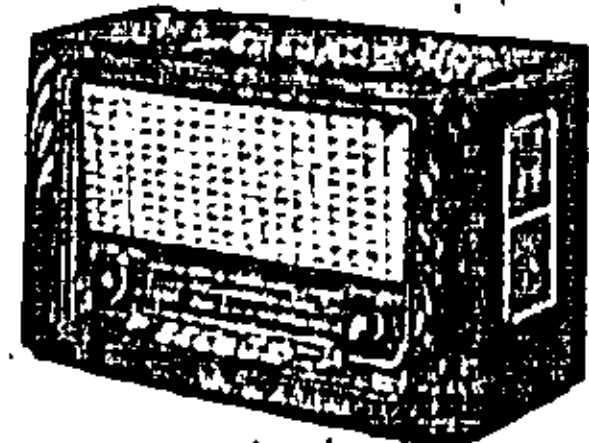
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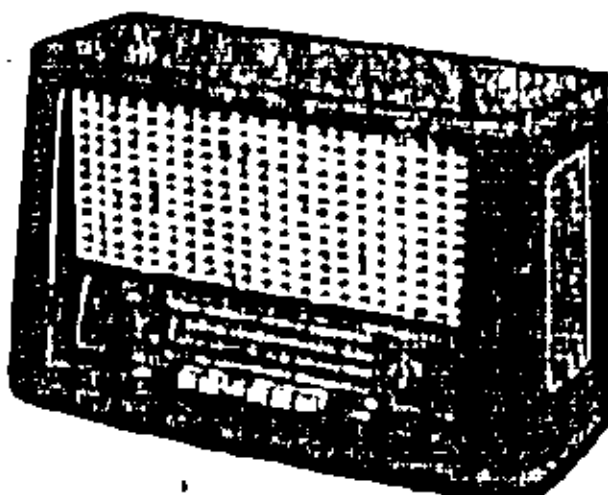
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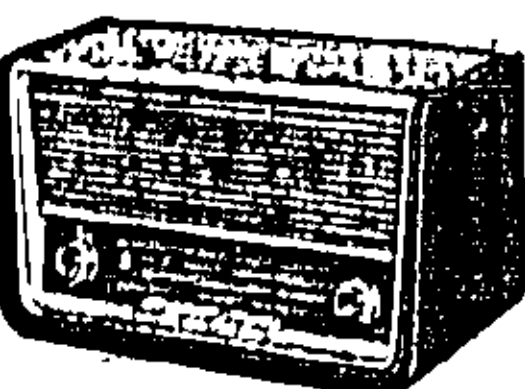


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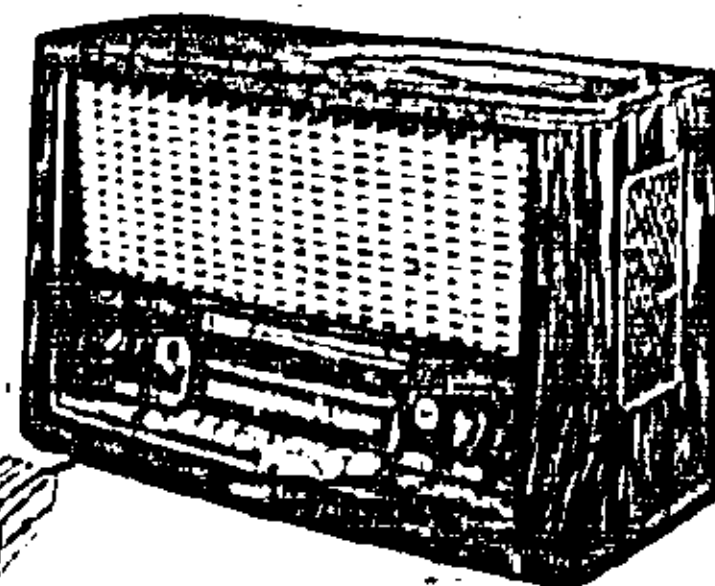
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5 valves with 8 functions—MW & 3 SW ranges—a medium sized super Hi-Fi set.



Freiburg AUTOMATIC 8 — \$950.00

with remote control. A triumph of radio engineering—fully satisfies the highest demands that can be made of a radio receiver. The world's one and only unit with remote control automatic station finder.

SABA is priced at the highest among West German made receivers for its incomparable quality. BUT in Hongkong, prices for all SABA models have been drastically cut in order to meet the competitive market in the Far East. UNDOUBTEDLY THE BEST VALUE YET OFFERED.

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THE NEW DISCS
BY NOEL GOODWIN

HANK CINQ'S A HIT!

• **DUKE ELLINGTON:** "Such Sweet Thunder" (Philips BBL 7203; 12in. LP). ***** The Duke rides out on the crest of a superb invention — a 12-part jazz suite on Shakespeare themes and characters, dedicated to the Canadian Shakespeare festival.

Hear Clark Terry's mischievous muted trumpet as Puck in "Up and Down," for instance, and almost speaking the famous line at the end: "Lord, what fools these mortals are."

Also saxist Johnny Hodges soars high, wide and handsome as Cleopatra's barge floats down the Nile in the sultry "Half the Fun." There is Lady Macbeth "with a spot of ragtime in her soul," and brilliant trombones in the sonnets for "Hank Cinq" and "Sister Kate."

• **CLEO LANE:** "She's The Tops" (M.G.M. C.705; 12in. LP). ***** Voted top female singer in a British nation-wide poll last year, 30-year-old Cleo Lane shows herself a considerable artist in her latest showcase album of 12 songs. She started with the Johnny Dankworth Seven seven years ago, and his arrangements on this disc are those which suit her best, especially a sultry "Stormy Weather," and "Taint What You Do." Some other tracks suffer from mushiness in the arrangements.

• **WOODY HERMAN:** "The Three Herds" (Philips BBL 7123; 12in. LP). ***** Big-band swing with style and finish from the three post-war bands of Woody Herman, whose groups have bred more top modern solo jazzmen than any other. Four of the 12 numbers here are 1945-6 recordings featuring drummer Dave Tough. Three come from the "Four Brothers" band of 1947, which had Stan Getz and Zoot Sims, and the remaining five are played by the "Third Herd" of 1954.



ROBERT PITMAN'S BOOK PAGE

Explorer Swan brings his fantastic world to the fireside

OUT of the green shadows of the jungle the native stepped forward to greet the Englishman. Above them in the clammy Guiana air bright-beaked birds screeched and chattered. The native was naked, except for a strip of linen tied at his waist. But it was his greeting that startled.

Elegantly he stretched out a brown hand. In a perfect public-school drawl the bare-limbed native said: "I say, how absolutely delightful to meet you."

The explanation? It is given in an enthralling new book by the brilliant young travel writer Michael Swan. "The coming of the Colonies" past. But his name has now been given to the larger vampire bat. Swan tells us that the Indians of South America are the most accomplished mimics in the world. They can trap the long-scented tapir by simulating its mating call. They can bring fish to the surface of the dark rivers by splashing the water to suggest the falling of ripe seeds.

SIMPLE TRUTH

They can even get too expert as when one Indian, luring a succulent jungle rodent by using its call, was jumped on and killed by a jaguar which imagined it had found its favourite morsel.

As for the Elton-voiced Indian, the simple truth was that he had once been on an Englishman's expedition. He did not learn any English. All he could remember was the exact intonation of what his employer said when he met other Britons on the route.

Swan's book is called **THE MARCHES OF EL DORADO** (Cape, 25s.). Its subject: Swan's own journey deep into British Guiana—the land which early Spanish explorers called El Dorado, where, so they thought, the rivers ran thick with gold.

Swan was not looking for gold. His goal was the giant, flat-topped Mount Roraima, upon which Conan Doyle based his story of a land of ancient reptiles cut off by mountain walls from the rest of the earth—*"The Lost World."*

FORMIDABLE

DOYLE'S reptiles were fiction. But Swan met some formidable creatures too. One morning, paddling up river, he noticed that an Indian who had been sleeping near him the night before had a deep wound in his foot, from which blood flowed freely.

"Him sure has had a visit from Dr. Blair," said one of the man's companions. Dr. Blair was an old-fashioned doctor with a zest for blood-letting—a

figure from the Colony's past. But his name has now been given to the larger vampire bat. Swan tells us that the Indians of South America are the most accomplished mimics in the world. They can trap the long-scented tapir by simulating its mating call. They can bring fish to the surface of the dark rivers by splashing the water to suggest the falling of ripe seeds.

The victim is not only unaware that he is being attacked but apparently is lulled into a deeper sleep by the gentle action. If your foot is in contact with the mosquito net the bat will chisel through the muslin and get down to work.

Another morning Swan awoke to the roar of what seemed to be a tube train passing by his hut in the jungle.

He explains: "The roar rose to a climax of sound and agony. It was the dawn chorus of a family of red howler monkeys, whose roar carries a dozen miles through the forest."

"The red howler is a morose little animal. The vast volume of sound which issues from the male is caused by an enlarged bone cavity in its throat, which acts as a kind of megaphone."

REMARKABLE

SWAN saw some remarkable animals, and came even more remarkable men.

One was the Man without a Country. Swan met him in a bar in Georgetown, and later Swan checked his story and found it to be true.

The man told him that he was the natural son of a British peer. His mother had been packed off to Paris for his birth. By French law he thus became a citizen of France.

The peer's son was educated in Britain, but later he went to France again, got into money troubles, took up petty stealing as a career, and was finally sent to Devil's Island.

JUST DRIFTED

AFTER 15 years the man escaped to British Guiana. He was allowed to stay, but he was not allowed to travel back to Britain. When Swan met him he was drifting about



He imitated the call too well... he was leaped on and killed by a jaguar

Guiana, prospecting for gold, cadging rum in the Georgetown bars.

Who is he? Swan gives these hints: his father was a created peer; his half-brother has inherited the title; and limiting the field still more narrowly, Swan adds this comment: "I looked into his face and could recognise distinctly the inherited features of the great man whose son he claimed to be."

Then there were the Melvilles.

Wherever Swan went in the savannah country in deepest Guiana he found that the big positions were held by a family, half-Indian, half-Scottish, called Melville.

The original Melville was the son of a Scottish minister. He

came to Guiana gold-prospecting, and was found almost dying of fever by Indians of the Wapishana tribe, who cured him.

Melville, the first Briton in the savannah lands, repaid the Wapishanas. He taught them cattle-raising. He became their chief. He took a Wapishana wife, Marnal Mary, by whom he had five children, and then an additional wife who produced five more Melvilles.

Swan writes: "In 1924 he organized the aboriginal section of the British Guiana Pavilion at the Wembley Exhibition, and those who, on the opening day, saw the big, distinguished man in the morning coat and silk hat did not suspect that he was an Indian chief with two squaws."

The end of the Melville story is unexpected too. He settled his sons and daughters; he left his ageing Indian wives on his extensive lands. He returned to Scotland, married in the kirk, and at the kirk in 1930 he was finally buried.

But even more fascinating are the natives Swan met—the Caribs, the Warraus.

Swan tells a Warrau legend—how they once lived in the skies and had only birds to hunt. Then one day the greatest Warrau hunter went to pick up a bird he had shot. He found a hole in the clouds and, looking through, saw animals moving on the plain below.

Swan writes: "He made a rope, lowered himself to the plain, shot a deer and found its flesh good to eat. He went back to the sides and told the rest of the tribe, and all decided to visit earth with him."

"The last to leave was a fat woman whose body stuck in the hole, where she remained, making it impossible for the tribe to return home again. This unfortunate woman's name was Oronokura, now the Warrau name for the sun."

SUCCESS, YET....

WHAT of Michael Swan himself? He began his career in books as a critic and essayist. Then he went to Mexico, and wrote a fine book called *Temple of the Sun and Moon*. Now comes his magnificent book on Guiana. It is his high moment of success.

In his early thirties Swan has made himself into easily the foremost travel writer of our age.

Yet I must add another fact. At a time when thousands are enjoying warmth and adventure through his genius young Michael Swan himself is in a London hospital ward.

He has been gravely ill. He can still barely read, he must still talk by nods.

It is a sad footnote to such a splendid book of action.

FICTION SHELF

• **A PERSON OF DISCREETION.** By Alice Acland. Collins, 12s. 6d. Slow-moving novel about Louise Gruneval and her two sisters, one of whom is betrayed during German occupation of Belgium. Was Henri van Caringham the traitor? The question exercises Louise, who finds him a respected neighbour of her fiancée's family in Scotland. Well-written, but lacking in power to interest.

• **GREEK FIRE.** By Winston Graham. Hodder and Stoughton, 12s. 6d. Exciting sophisticated thriller with political background in present-day Greece. Murder with a knife, old bronze, inland, and by running-down. Plenty of escapes, disguises, searches, chases: all in aid of a Communist coup. Good characters; excellent dialogue.

IVAN YATES

(London Express Service)

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Company Coming

By Harry Weinert



Sports Diary

TODAY

Cricket
1st Division: CCC v Scorpions, Army, North v Police.
2nd Division: Kitchener v CAA (CHI), Jardines v RAN (New), Kowloon v Kowloon (HS). All matches at 5 p.m.
3rd Division: Kitchener v CAA (CHI) 3.30 p.m.
4th Division: Kitchener v CAA (CHI) 3.30 p.m.
5th Division: Kitchener v CAA (CHI) 3.30 p.m.
6th Division: Kitchener v CAA (CHI) 3.30 p.m.
7th Division: Kitchener v CAA (CHI) 3.30 p.m.
8th Division: Kitchener v CAA (CHI) 3.30 p.m.
9th Division: Kitchener v CAA (CHI) 3.30 p.m.
10th Division: Kitchener v CAA (CHI) 3.30 p.m.

Goal That Never Was

Mystery in the West Sussex Senior League. Arundel "A" say that they beat Angmering 2-1. Angmering agree. But the referee says it was a 2-2 draw. The matter has been placed before the Sussex County FA by Arundel, and Angmering are supporting them. Yet referee Chetwynd says: "I cannot understand it. Arundel were leading 2-1 at half-time, but Angmering equalised just before the finish."

WHAT A RECORD!

Only one game missed in thirteen years. That is the magnificent record of Gerald Doyle, captain and Hon. Secretary of Longdale F.C. Altham (Cheshire) League club. In Cup, League and representative matches he has made over 400 appearances since 1945—and the only game he missed in that long period was when a nail came through the sole of his shoe and his foot swelled so much he could not get his football boot in.

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

11TH (EASTER) RACE MEETING

Saturday 5th and Monday 7th April, 1958

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 24 RACES
The First Ball will be rung at 11.30 a.m. and the First Race run at 12.00 Noon on both days.
The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 10.00 a.m. on both days.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.
All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable prior to the Meeting from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road and Nathan Road, Kowloon, only on the written introduction of a Member, and on production of his Guest Record Card. Members are limited to 6 guests each Race Day, and will be responsible for all guests introduced by them.
Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Boy (Tel. 72811).

The 6th Floor is restricted to Members and Ladies wearing Lady's Brooches.
NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.
Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$40.00 each for both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), and 5, D'Aguiar Street during normal office hours and until 10.00 a.m. on the 1st day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Thursday, 3rd April, 1958, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.
The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from Subscription Lists without stating reasons for their action.

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Hong Kong Derby scheduled to be run on 10th May, 1958, at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at:

Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 5, D'Aguiar Street on
Mondays to Fridays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Saturday, 29th March 9 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.
Saturday, 6th and Monday, 7th April 9 a.m. to 10.00 a.m.
392, Nathan Road, Kowloon
Mondays to Fridays 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Saturday, 29th March 9 a.m. to 11.45 a.m.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "half close" signal has been given.
ALL WINNING TICKETS and TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.
PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tipsters, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

HOME SOCCER FIXTURES

Following are the Home soccer fixtures for today:

First Division	Second Division	Third Division (South)	Scottish League "A"	Scottish League "B"
Birmingham v Everton	Bristol City v Bristol Rovers	Bournemouth v Brentford	Aberdeen v Celtic	Albion v Alton
Blackpool v Bolton	Cardiff v Charlton	Colchester v Exeter	Dundee v Dundee Utd	Arbroath v Brechin
Leeds v Luton	Doncaster v Grimsby	Crewe v Gillingham	Falkirk v Motherwell	Arbroath v Brechin
Manchester City v Manchester Utd	Grimsby v Lincoln	Exeter v Gillingham	Hamilton v Motherwell	Arbroath v Brechin
Newcastle v Nottingham	Lincoln v Notts County	Gillingham v Exeter	Partick Thistle v Rangers	Arbroath v Brechin
Sheff Wed v Sheff Utd	Notts County v Notts County	Exeter v Gillingham	Rangers v Partick Thistle	Arbroath v Brechin
Sheff Utd v Sheff Wed	Notts County v Notts County	Exeter v Gillingham	Rangers v Partick Thistle	Arbroath v Brechin
Sheff Utd v Sheff Wed	Notts County v Notts County	Exeter v Gillingham	Rangers v Partick Thistle	Arbroath v Brechin
Sheff Utd v Sheff Wed	Notts County v Notts County	Exeter v Gillingham	Rangers v Partick Thistle	Arbroath v Brechin

I. M. MacTAVISH's Saturday Soccer Spot
DOMINANT IN EVERY RESPECT?

NEVETT'S NEW COLOURS ARE NEARLY 60 YEARS OLD

By TOM FORREST

Horses and horticulture were the two dominating interests in life for jockey Billy Nevett throughout his 33-year-long riding career. He rode 2,287 winners in Britain, and many others in Eire—but he was just as proud of the prize-winning blooms in his garden in the Wensleydale village of Patrick Brompton.

But now Billy, at 52, has had to give up his garden and life as a country squire because of the demands of his new role as a trainer at Newby Park stables, near Ripon.

"It was a wrench to leave my gardening behind, for there is nothing like that at all here," Bill told me.

"But if you try to be a good trainer and a good gardener, they will both suffer. I had to choose between the two-year-olds and the sweet peas."

500 Prizes

Sold up now are his 20-room mansion and 12 acres of orchards, parkland and immaculate flower-laden borders. His garden won him more than 500 prizes, and became one of Yorkshire's showplaces.

Nevett bought the estate 10 years ago for more than £20,000, in anticipation of his "retirement." That came in 1955.

It was in the last race on the last day of the season that Setting Star romped home to a storm of applause at Manchester. . . the last winner ridden by the stocky, 4ft. 11in. jockey who had reigned undisputed as "God of the North" for a quarter of a century.

Bill maintains that he had never been so warmly received, not even on his three wartime Derby winners, Owen Tudor, Ocean Swell, and Dante. . . Nevett, dressed only in a pair of riding pants and a silk cravat, came out of the weighing-room to confirm that he would be a gardener from then on.

Now, after a brief retirement and still briefer winter vacation in Monte Carlo, he is hard at work preparing his comeback, tuning up the modest dozen horses who will launch his new career.

Helping his father at Ripon in 21-year-old Peter Nevett, Younger brother Paul Nevett, 16, hopes to join a prominent Newmarket trainer in the new season to learn the business.

A Present

Seven owners are represented in the string. Six are men whose horses have been ridden to victory in the past by Bill—and the seventh, whose racing colors are newly registered, is Mr. W. Nevett himself.

The actual skills, however, are nearly 60 years old. "First used in 1900, and still like new," says Bill. "They were given to my Dad a long time ago and he presented them to me for luck when I went to see him last Christmas."

When this bronze jacket, with lightning blue sleeves, passes the judge's front, what a reception the Northerners will



Headaches, Toothaches, Colds, are quickly overcome by **CARFASPIN**.

© BILLY NEVETT . . . "All I want is a bit of luck like I had when I was riding, and that will do me."

give the first winner owned and trained by their old idol!

His ambitions? "All I want is a bit of luck like I had when I was riding, and that'll do me," he says.

Modest

"There isn't any special event that I want to win—I don't think about big races when I am toddling along with a dozen horses. But I would be very happy to win races at either Epsom or Newmarket, the only courses where I ever rode five winners in a day."

"I am also very keen to see my apprentices develop into good jockeys. I even bought a filly from Gordon Richards—she isn't much good, but I must have one for the boys to ride. I want them to learn early what it is like on the course."

Nevett has had many letters of application from boys wanting to be jockeys. He has selected four to join him when they leave school at Easter.

His Stable

Two-year-olds—Chris, a grey, colt, whose mother, The Bulk, was six times a winner when ridden by David for owner Mr. H. F. Harley.

Great Court, six-year-old, one of the biggest horses in training on the flat, and a Royal Ascot winner two years ago.

Southern (5), winner of the 1957 Yorkshire Cup, set 90-1. Quite so (3), bought at the December sales.

Record Time (2), a filly bought out of Sir Gordon Richards's stable.

William Falls, seven-year-old sprinter.

POP



CUTTING A RUG



Are Chinese Footballers Beyond Learning Anything New From The British?

At the Hongkong Stadium last Sunday I spent some time in conversation with one of the Councillors of the HKFA and he brought up a subject which is surely worth a little thoughtful examination.

As far, and as accurately, as I can recall he said "Well. . . It looks very much as though the predominance of the Chinese footballer in Hongkong is now completely established. I doubt if we shall again see a really serious challenge coming from non-Chinese quarters."

The gentleman concerned was not a Chinese but there was nothing bitter or remorseful in his remarks. He was stating a simple fact that he honestly regarded as a simple truth, and few will disagree that there is a sound enough basis for such a point of view.

Having regard to the obvious wisdom of the observation, it was difficult to let it pass merely as a morsel of conversation for when one examines the history of football in Hongkong it is impossible to underestimate the contribution which non-Chinese footballers have made to the progress and development of the game here.

Playing Pattern

The Chinese have learned well and in doing so they have also fashioned their style to a playing pattern which minimizes their lack of physical stature. There is no doubt that as far as the Colony is concerned, the Chinese players have nowdays outstripped the general class of opposition offered by the other communities who play against them in regular competition.

But . . . and I believe this is the most important thing in the whole question, have they now got to the stage when they can no longer learn anything from our non-Chinese players?

The answer to that, of course, is a resounding "No" . . . for when players of any nationality cease to learn they cease to make progress.

The bulk of the players who currently provide inter-community opposition for the Chinese are young servicemen from the United Kingdom.

No Reason

Generally they are a bit immature in the football sense, but many of them have come under the influence of the British coaching system and, provided they can adapt themselves and their knowledge to local conditions, there is no reason why they should not do well in the Colony.

Unfortunately the very fundamentals of British National Service mean that players are never here long enough to become really acclimatized or orientated and in consequence they are seldom able to reveal their true worth . . . in exactly the same way as a Chinese player going to the Home countries would find it very difficult to settle down and find his best Hongkong form in a single season.

Nevertheless from time to time there does come to the Colony a young British player of special merit from whom the Chinese stars can still learn something.

In recent years there have been several good examples of this and generally the influence has not been wasted. Even in the "lean years" of Non-Chinese football there have been occasional accomplished visitors and at this very moment there is hardly a Chinese player in the Colony with the possible exception of Sze Yiu and Lee Pak—who could not learn a great deal about the good old-fashioned art of tackling from Mandum, the Army's right half.

The soldier is a brilliant exponent of the split second tackle, and for those who have grown up in a football environment,

where that is a feature of the game, it is a reassuring sight to see him judging the exact moment to make his move, and then go roaring in with his body well forward, and his legs ready to complete the follow through once possession has been gained.

This is something which few Chinese players do really well and the fact is probably closely connected with my previous assertion that they have developed their game within their physical limitations.

But size has little to do with the art of correct tackling and the Hongkong selectors could do worse than invite Mandum to attend the various Asian Games training sessions if only to help polish up this aspect of their players' game. They could learn a lot that would stand them in good stead in the tough games that await them in Tokyo.

Opposite Facet

Mention of Mandum in this article brings me, strangely enough, to the very opposite facet of the question which has been under examination so far . . . the "other" team.

As far as Mandum is concerned, I think he has learned a great deal, and I am certain he will go back to the United Kingdom a better and wiser player for his sojourn in our midst.

At the beginning of the season he was a sadly-misguided youngster, lacking in personal control and harbouring a complex that the entire football world was against him both on and off the field. He also underestimated both the ability and the toughness of the Chinese footballer.

When he was beaten to the ball he took it as a personal insult . . . and he saw malice that never existed in many of the knocks that came his way. One can remember the gruffed teeth and the tightly clenched fists that were characteristic of his explosive attitude when things did not quite run his way.

He was bitterly criticised for his conduct—by me more than most—because I and others like me believed he was too good a player to be wasted by such traits.

This leaves selected men like Lee Ping-chui, Lau Chi-ping, Lau Chi-on, Au Chi-yin (who could solve the left wing problem) and Lee Yui-tak to fight it out for recognition for there is little else of note among the possible reserves.

Incidentally, if Ko Po-keung is not considered fit enough to play the selectors might give serious thought to playing Lau Kai-chu in the No. 5 shirt.

Many people believe the big fellow has it in him to be as good a defender as his brother . . . and anyhow there are two other capable centres forwards available. Quite a thought, isn't it?

New Approach

It is a pleasure to note the great change that has come over him in the last six months. By what must have been a tremendous personal effort he has developed a sense of proportion and a new approach to the game. The non-quarter tackle is still as strong as ever . . . the crashing drive has lost none of its power—his magnificent goal against Eastern was one of the best I have ever seen—and his worth to his side has in consequence increased tremendously.

It is possible of course that Mandum himself has not yet appreciated fully the subtle change that has been wrought in his play during his time here. Nevertheless the change has been widely discussed by keen followers of the game and all are agreed that he is a much better player for it.

In fact it is generally considered in many places that if he had been playing in a better

team than the Army has been for most of this season he would have been an automatic choice for Colony honours.

Asian Games

The officials in charge of the Hongkong players for the Asian Games are very satisfied with the enthusiasm and earnestness of the men who have been selected to wear the Colony's colours.

There has been a full muster at all training sessions and there has also been an infectious keenness to win a place in the final line-up.

The big question mark still surrounds Ko Po-keung. In spite of the player's indifference to the first team, there are still those who believe that his mere presence is of the greatest importance to the side . . . but very sensibly they have stated he will only play if he is 100 per cent fit. Ko Po-keung himself is fighting furiously to get back into the line-up and if personal effort can get him up to the required standard of fitness then he will surely make the grade.

The amateur speculators are already at work deciding what the Colony side will be. I believe the selectors will adopt a "horror-for-courtesy" attitude and pick their teams to suit the job in hand. For example, if the Hongkong boys have to meet their local playing mates in Taiwan's colours I cannot see Mr. Hussain and his colleagues fielding Lau Kai-chu in the right back position . . . quite apart from obvious problems like that I think the biggest worry is going to centre on the ability of the first team and Lee Yui-tak's strength of the available reserves.

I believe the best Colony side will be as good as anything in the competition, but the same eleven players cannot be expected to play in every game and in this factor that our fate may be decided.

Recognised Team?

As things are shaping at the moment it looks very much as though the recognised team is—Wei Pak-kim, Sze Yiu, Another, Luk Tak-hing, Ko Po-keung, Chan Chi-kong, Chu Wing-wah, Ho Cheung-yau, Lau Kai-chu, Lam Kam-tong or Lou Chi-lam, Leung Wai-hung.

This leaves selected men like Lee Ping-chui, Lau Chi-ping, Lau Chi-on, Au Chi-yin (who could solve the left wing problem) and Lee Yui-tak to fight it out for recognition for there is little else of note among the possible reserves.

Incidentally, if Ko Po-keung is not considered fit enough to play the selectors might give serious thought to playing Lau Kai-chu in the No. 5 shirt.

Many people believe the big fellow has it in him to be as good a defender as his brother . . . and anyhow there are two other capable centres forwards available. Quite a thought, isn't it?

BOGOTA BOUND

Remember the ill-fated expedition made to Bogota, capital of Colombia, South America, some years ago. Remember how they all returned disillusioned about this Soccer Eldorado. The first to make the journey was Charlie Mitten; then of Manchester United, later with Fulham and now manager of Middlesbrough, Charlie is to return to Bogota, taking his club team on a goodwill tour when the English season ends in May.

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SOFTBALL SEASON ENDS TOMORROW

Will The Hurricanes Win Their First Championship?

By "TIME OUT"

Who will be the Senior League's batting champion this year? Will the Hurricanes win their first championship? These questions will be answered when the curtain rings down on the 1937/8 Softball League competition which comes to an end tomorrow immediately after the final game of the season, that between the hard-luck runners-up, Al Oliveira's Warriors and the highly unpredictable P.I. Dodgers.

This weekend's softball programme is an interesting one, particularly for the Hurricanes and the Warriors. The former will have to win only one game of their double-header to be crowned Ladies' Champions in their first season in competitive softball, while the tribe has more than a passing interest in whether or not the Dodgers will turn up for this game.

No less than three Warriors are in the running for the Senior batting title, all way ahead of their nearest rivals. A walkover by the Dodgers gives them a full turn-out by the Dodgers will give both John Pereira and Jimmy Chang a chance to overtake Rodriguez, provided all three are in the starting nine. Rodriguez going hitless in four times at bat and the duo registering perfect batting performances. It's an intriguing situation with the Dodgers depending on the Warriors making an appearance as I have it on good authority that all three Warriors will be striding up to the plate when game time rolls round at 3.30 p.m.

There should be a couple of softball mits and miscellaneous car tossed into the air later on this afternoon, the discharge of fireworks being prohibited at this time. Park where the last University batter is "out" in the ladies' game between the Hongkong University and the Hurricanes. The latter are on the threshold of the gate to the University of the Pacific and offer my premature congratulations to Onofre Souza and his red-shirts.

They accounted for the University girls 10-13 and 13-3 previously and with all due respect to U coach Bill Silva, I think they'll make it three straight, as Evelyn Alonso will be tossing the strikes. She is presently in tiptop form and should have no difficulty against the comparatively weak batters in the U line-up.

Take It Easy

The game is down for 3.00 p.m.—I really don't want it out. The Hurricanes, after today's game, can take it easy tomorrow at 10.00 a.m. when they come up against the Chinese Athletic Association. Only the most incurable optimists would dare entertain the thought of the Hurricanes dropping BOTH games, thereby giving South China, two losses behind, another crack at the Ladies' section. So much for the distant section of local softball.

The girls from the "Floyd's Bay", the US Navy's station ship here, if not the best Navy team to play locally, must surely be rated as the keenest. Although the Navy is out of the running for honours of any kind the sailors have been putting in a lot of hard work lately to get the team ready for its debut. They'll show us how to play some life into the game when they take on the disappointing Pandas tomorrow at 11.30 a.m. After a brilliant start the Pandas lost heart when Jackie

Wet, their mainstay and pitching ace, failed to turn up regularly and they had to rely on Lam Ping or Alan Van who are anything but world-beaters. This naturally affected team morale and the Pandas are enjoying, if one can call it that, a very lean season. The Navy is tipped to win this one by sheer superiority in batting or by a forfeit as the Pandas have lately been displaying apathy. An end-of-season affliction that plagues most softball teams which should know better but unfortunately do not feel obligated to turn up since some other team has already won the championship.

Welcome Break

A most welcome break comes after the lunch period when the Junior League Champions, Ed Carvalho's Seminoles, are engaged in an exhibition match against the pick of the players in the minor division, managed by Asner skipper Dave Cooper. "Coop", two-time winner of the Junior MVP, has been given the honour of piloting the All-Stars in his last appearance as a Junior League player and manager. He graduates to Senior "A" softball next season. And what kind of a team has he selected?

It is certainly representative and I compliment Cooper for giving an opportunity to the lesser known players to show their stuff. The starting nine consists of Cooper himself and Robert Remedios (Cheyennes) as battery, Alan Owen (War Eagles) at first, Junior Diesta (Dodgers) at second, Malcolm Harris (Austers) guarding the altar, Manuel Nunes (HKU) at the hot corner. The outfield—at left, Michael Hussain (Comets), Luis Silva (Cheyennes) in the middle and John Goodair (Comets) at right field. The reserves are the Cheyennes' Sonny Siquiera, Alvaro Alonso, Antonio Ribeiro and Gorry Noronha. The Dodgers' Despa, Carillo and Walcott with a surprise selection in J. F. Yee of the Wah Ying.

Most Certainly

The above team will most certainly give the champions some sort of opposition, but this being the first time all these boys will play together as a team, don't expect too much. The Seminoles will probably treat this exhibition match seriously and throw into the field his regular line-up. It should be the Seminoles' day without too much difficulty. All eyes will focus on the batting performances of Rodriguez, Pereira and Chang of the Warriors in their game against the P. I. Dodgers. Vic Pedruco will not be available and the Dodgers will have to look for a substitute pitcher when most complicated matters in

the race for the batting title. Having been accustomed these past three weeks to the fast pitching of the Saints' Salles and Pedruco, the change of pace by a relief hurler might put all three aspirants off their game. On present form alone, with "Goose" Wong being a downright miser in giving up the hits to the Dodgers, only a trial being debated against him by the Dodgers lately, it's the Warriors all the way to end the season as worthy runners-up.

Cliff Morgan Will Steal The Show In Wales—France Rugby Match On March 29

Says J. R. WATKINS

He's a bit on the small side, really. Put him among a crowd of athletic types, many of them topping six feet in height and with shoulders to match, and his 5 ft. 7 ins. frame might pass unnoticed. But it won't.

For the small stature belongs to Cliff Morgan, one of the greatest fly-halves in rugby history. Far from being unnoticed among the 30 players in the Wales-France international, I fancy Morgan will steal the show. I think that Morgan will win the match for Wales and, with it, the Home International Championship.

This is Wales' final match. At present they are second in the table, one point behind England, whose completed programme has yielded them six points. So a Welsh victory will give them the title.

And Morgan is the man to make that victory possible. This will be Morgan's final appearance in international rugby. At 27 he has decided to retire for business reasons. And if, on his final appearance, Wales wins the Championship, it will be a fitting close to a glorious career.

Nothing short of Morgan at his best will see Wales through. For in this season of surprises in which England, who were expected to sweep the board to retain the Championship, have been held by both Wales and Scotland, France could pull off the final shock by at least holding Wales to a draw.

France are currently bottom of the table, without a point. They began the season by losing to Scotland at Murrayfield, and earlier this month were crushed 14-0 by England in Paris.

The team was completely disorganised and, as is the habit in France in both politics and rugby, a vote of no confidence was passed by the selectors.

Seven Changes

Seven changes were made in the side. Out of the confusion came the team which inflicted the heaviest defeat of the tour on the Wallabies with a 19-0 hammering.

This does not mean that France discovered a world-beating side overnight. The Australians were hit by injuries in the last match of their arduous tour of Britain and France, and the game did not provide a true yardstick of rugby ability. The French played soundly, rather than brilliantly.

But there was no mistaking the power of the French pack, which was matched in loose mauls and rushes by mobility and adept handling.

The Welsh backs, who have lately been uninspiring, need a lot of the ball to make much impression. As they are not likely to get this because of

their lack of forward domination, Wales may not seem to be much of a scoring force.

They probably would not be but for Morgan. This Stanley Matthews of the rugby world does not waste a ball. He is always on the lookout for openings, his fingers itching to get the feel of leather. As soon as they do, he is off the mark with a Matthews-like burst which takes him to top speed in a couple of strides and is swerving his way through the opposition in the manner of the soccer maestro.

Morgan's elusiveness has split such great defences as the All-Blacks and Springboks. It should make enough chances for even the lack-lustre Welsh back division to put up a winning total.

International Table

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
England	4	2	2	0	26	6	6
Wales	3	2	1	0	20	12	5
Scotland	4	1	1	2	23	32	3
Ireland	3	1	0	2	18	21	2
France	2	0	2	0	25	0	0

(London Express Service.)

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Nominate YOUR Hongkong Footballer Of The Year

Members of the public are invited to nominate Hongkong's Footballer of the Year for the current season.

It is a popularity poll organised by the China Mail, and nomination coupons will be accepted until the closing date to be announced later.

The two qualifications for nomination are:

(1) Footballing prowess.

(2) Sportsmanship on the field of play.

Nominations should be addressed to the Editor, China Mail, Wyndham Street.

To the Editor, China Mail,

My nomination for Hongkong's Footballer of the Year, taking into account his playing ability and his sportsmanship on the field of play is:

of the Club.

(Signed)

Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

KEN JONES

By Archie Quick

So Ken Jones has decided to retire from Rugby football at the end of this season. The game will look different without him, both in South Wales and the various English centres where the Newport Club visit. Not to mention the International scene.

Already Wales have dispensed with his long and valuable services, for when John Collins of Aberavon was found unfit to play against Ireland at Dublin the other Saturday it was 25-year-old Cyril Roberts of Neath who stepped into the right wing position—not veteran Jones.

Nothing, however, can erase the stamp left on the game by dark-haired, keen-faced Ken, a flier so good that he was more often than not placed in the Amateur Athletic Association's National 100 Yards and 220 Yards Sprint Championships.

Welsh Record

Jones holds the Welsh record with 44 "caps", and that was a world record until Jackie Kyle, of Ireland, came along. But Jones was unlucky inasmuch as he operated in an era of defence when the old-fashioned wing play is almost a thing of the past. It took him his 44 International appearances over eleven years to obtain a meagre total of nineteen tries. True, that also is a Welsh individual record, but the man he beat for the title, Willie Llewellyn, got his eighteen tries in twenty International matches thanks to an attack-conscious back division.

Jones' tremendous pace was negated by the modern style of play, but that he would have scored so many more tries if he had had a reasonable service would does not waste a ball. He is always on the lookout for openings, his fingers itching to get the feel of leather. As soon as they do, he is off the mark with a Matthews-like burst which takes him to top speed in a couple of strides and is swerving his way through the opposition in the manner of the soccer maestro.

Unlucky

Ken is now 35 years of age, and at athletics the same as at rugby he was unlucky. For in his great track days he always had to contend with the Trinidadian Macdonald Bailey. Thus, instead of winning titles he had to be content with silver and bronze medals. He gained Olympic honours, however, at Wembley and Helsinki, and if he had not been so much in love with Rugby and had concentrated more on his sprinting maybe he would have won even greater fame.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. The women's 100 yard record with a time of 10.3 secs.
2. (a) Golf (b) Rugby Union (c) Athletics.
3. Archie Moore.
4. No.
5. (a) Snooker (b) Billiards.
6. In 1927 Victoria scored 1107 against New South Wales.
7. They are the only countries to have won the World Soccer Cup.
8. They are four of the venues for the 1958 World Soccer Cup matches.
9. The Individual Test score. Garfield Sobers made 303 not out to beat Len Hutton's 304.
10. Vic Seixas.

HOME SOCCER FORECAST

Wednesday May Win Two Precious Points Over Manchester United

Says ARCHIE QUICK

West Bromwich Albion's last chance of getting within striking distance of the First Division Championship comes today when they entertain their neighbours from Wolverhampton at The Hawthorns. Albion can win this stirring Midland battle, but they will probably be kept out of second place by Preston beating lowly Leicester.

Down at the bottom of the table, Wednesday receive Manchester United, and may win two precious points because of United's midweek exertions in the FA Cup Semi-final replay. Companions in distress, Sunderland and Villa, both visit London, but while Sunderland may get a point at Chelsea, Aston will probably lose at Tottenham.

Leeds do not seem to hold much of a chance against Manchester City, but Portsmouth can beat Arsenal. Blackpool can finish level at Burnley, but the other home sides should pull through—Birmingham v Everton and Forest v Bolton.

Of the Second Division promotion candidates Cup-occupied Fulham may sustain defeat at Huddersfield and West Ham will be glad of a point at Stoke. Blackburn can get both points at Cardiff and Charlton and Liverpool should not slip up at home against Bristol Rovers and Ipswich. Of the struggling clubs Swansea can snatch a point at Rotherham, and Doncaster can draw with Derby but Lincoln, Notts County and Bristol City appear booked for defeat by Orient, Middlesbrough and Sheffield United. And a home win for Grimsby over Barnsley.

Important Match

Reading and Swindon have an important match in Division Three South which should be won by the home club. Plymouth should have no difficulty at Coventry and Brighton can score at Colchester. Norwich may well lose to Southampton, and other sides able to pick up away points should be Newport and QPR at Bournemouth and Torquay. Home successes then for Palace v Exeter, Northampton v Millwall, Shrewsbury v Aldershot, Walsall v Port Vale and Watford v Gillingham.

It looks now like Southampton winning the Northern Section, but they will do well to break even at Bury. Challenging Bury and Accrington should experience no trouble from Gateshead and Mansfield, and Rochdale can win outright at Carlisle. Apart from a draw for Bradford City at Chesterfield, it looks as though the other home teams will take maximum points—Chester v Workington, Halifax v Bradford, Oldham v Darlington, Southport v Crewe, Hartlepool v Stockport, Tranmere v Hull and York v Wrexham.

Scottish League

Hearts now have a 17 points lead in the First Division of the Scottish League, although Rangers have played six matches less. These two should win well against Raith and Motherwell. Likely away winners are Celtic at Dunfermline, but the remaining home teams should land full points—Clyde v Aberdeen, East Fife v St. Mirren, Kilmarnock v Falkirk, Queen of the South v Partick and Third Lanark v Hibs.

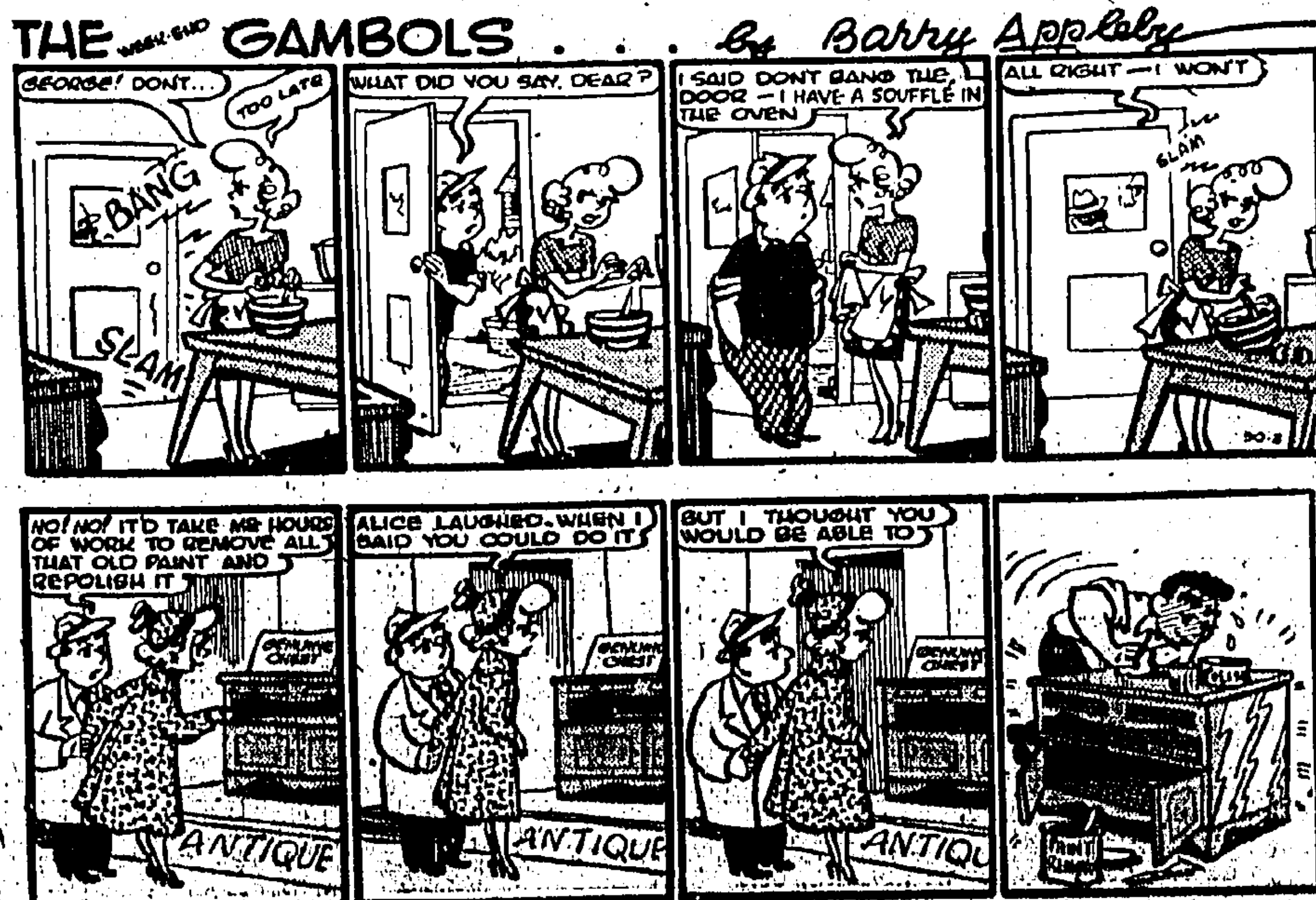
While their five nearest rivals play away from home, Stirling Albion should consolidate their Second Division leadership with a win over Brechin. Of the five visiting, Arbroath and Dumbarton apparently have easy tasks at East Stirlingshire and St.

LEAGUE RECORD

Stan Lynn, right back of Aston Villa, has scored eight goals this season—five of them penalties—and included in that total is the only "hat-trick" ever by a League full back. He needs two goals more from ten matches to equal the League record of Jack Evans (Southend United) 38 years ago.



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FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



The World's First Newspaper

IMAGINE, IF YOU CAN, your local newspaper editor arriving at his office in a Roman chariot, drawn by two fiery steeds. His attire consists of a loose, knee-length garment, tied with a cord at the waist. His helmet and his shoes are winged in the manner of the ancient Romans.

This is probably the picture the world's first newspaper publisher presented, as he made his way to work each day. This first known newspaper editor was "on the side of the law," as they say in TV and movie westerns—very definitely

on the side of the law, as a matter of fact.

I may as well let you in on the secret right now. This man was Julius Caesar, the ancient Roman statesman and general who became so powerful in Rome and wielded so much influence he eventually came to rule.

Dishonest practices in domestic and provincial government came to an end under Caesar's rule. He used the power he had won to good advantage, and made many important reforms.

He improved the calendar and cleared up confusion that

existed for hundreds of years in computing time. He established a plan to reorganize city government in Italy.

He replaced dishonest governors with honest ones. He kept up the distribution of grain, but only to those who were in need. Somewhere along the way, he conceived the idea of publishing a news bulletin. Among other items his bulletins contained birth and tax notices, as well as election news.

Just as today, the people of Caesar's time were all eager to "break into print." Finally, the news bulletins were so flooded with personal items, Caesar had to think of a

way of limiting these without hurting anyone's feelings. He adopted a rule of printing personal items of only the larger families. This served to increase the population of the country, since everyone was so eager to get into the news. They started having larger families to accomplish this end.

Caesar was a title which came from a family name. When Octavian, Caesar's nephew, came to rule he adopted the name, and added Augustus to it. He also adopted Julius Caesar's policies and carried on his reforms.

—DOROTHY S. ROMNEY

HOW A PHANTOM SAVED THE QUEEN

IF YOU EVER HAPPEN- ED to visit the British Museum you might be surprised to see a large moth in a case. You would be surprised because it appears to be rather an ordinary moth. You would understand why it was so honoured, however, when you learned that it was credited with saving the life of Queen Victoria.

The amazing incident took place many years ago when the Queen was on board a train bound for the English countryside. Mr. Grimes, the engineer, frowned heavily as he watched the thick fog closing in. "Of all nights when we had to get a 'pen-cooper' this would be the one, of course,"

he remarked to Mapes, his fireman. "Well, I reckon the queen has seen many a British fog before and will see many another," answered the fireman easily.

Grimes said nothing more. He put all of his energy into straining to see the track ahead. Suddenly he gave a horrified gasp and brought the train to a screeching halt. "What is it?" cried Mapes.

"Someone hasged the train. He was wearing a black cloak. I saw him very plainly." "I don't see anyone," said Mapes, peering into the darkness. "Maybe someone was playing a joke on us." "A fine time for a joke," replied Grimes bitterly. "What with Her Majesty aboard?"



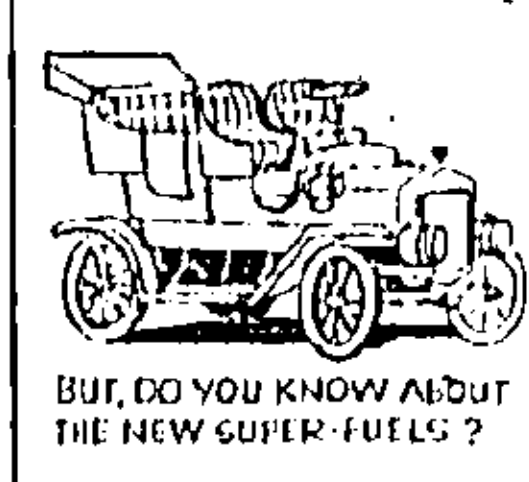
he shouted, "Look ahead! The bridge is out!" Sure enough, less than 200 yards ahead was a rain-swollen river with a gap where the bridge should have been. When they had returned to London again Grimes happened to see a huge moth at the base of the headlight. A sudden thought struck him. He pushed the moth carefully to the glass and turned on the light.

Once again he could see the phantom figure, except that the once-waving arms were now still. When the queen was told of the strange event she was deeply impressed. "That was no accident," she said fervently. "That was God's will!"

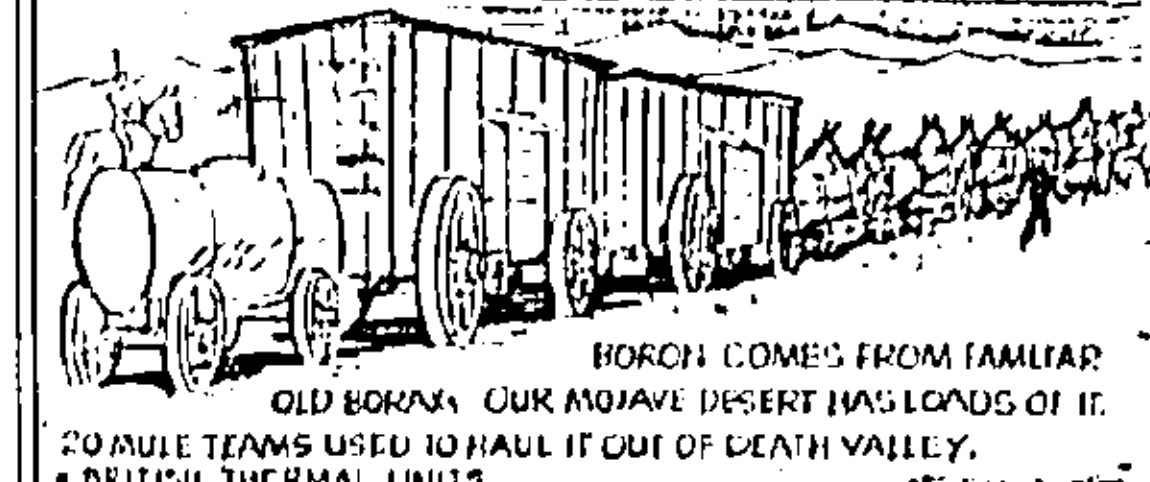
—MABEL HARMER

HAVE YOU HEARD OF 'ZIP' FUELS?

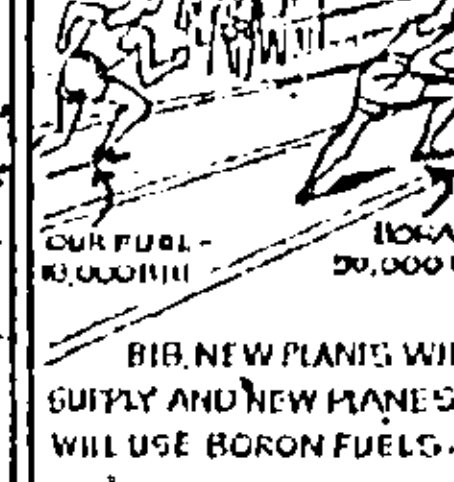
EVEN YOUR GREAT GRANDDAD WAS FAMILIAR WITH THE FUELS THAT WE STILL USE TO MAKE MOST OF OUR ENGINES RUN.



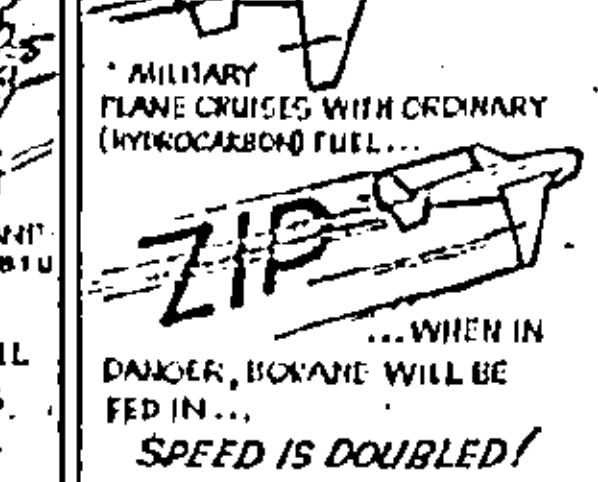
FUEL POWER IS MEASURED IN BTU'S PER HOUR. HYDROGEN-CARBON COMPOUND (PETROLEUM FUEL) AVERAGE 18,000 BTU'S. HYDROGEN-BORON COMPOUND (BORANE) DELIVERS UP TO A WHOPPING 30,000 BTU'S PER HOUR!



MORE BTU'S (HEAT) MEANS MORE POWER AND SPEED - FROM BORON FUELS.



HERE'S HOW NEW FUELS WILL BE USED AT FIRST...



HOW TO MAKE AN OCTOPUS

1. BEND 4 PIPE CLEANERS TO FIT INTO A HALF WALNUT SHELL.



2. CRUMPLE A SMALL PIECE OF NEWSPAPER INTO A BALL AND TAPE IT ON TOP OF SHELL.



3. LET THE BODY DRY OVERNIGHT IN A WARM DRY PLACE. WHEN DRY, PAINT BODY AND LEGS WITH BLACK INK OR PAINT. LEAVE EYES AND MOUTH NATURAL.



4. TAPE A PIECE OF BLACK THREAD TO BACK AND HANG IN YOUR ROOM.



NAME SKIRT

Do you have a plain coloured skirt that you're rather tired of? Get out your thread and needle, then, and perk it up with names and names and more names! Write, with a soft lead pencil, the names of your special friends, on the old skirt. Make the letters big and simple. No fancy flourishes. Now take different coloured rickrack braid and sew it on the names. It's fun to do. Sew by hand and then the braid can be taken off easily whenever you are tired of it. See if your name skirt doesn't start your whole bunch off on a rickrack sewing bee.

HOME FOR BIRDS

Mr C. C. Dykes of Chattanooga Tennessee loves birds so much that he has his backyard full of birdhouses. He has spent hundreds of dollars to build them. One year there were 78 bird couples of the marble family, nesting besides many more. Why know he is their friend.

THE LION AND THE KING

— Fat Wat Decides Not To Miss The Fun —

By MAX TRELL

LAST night the telephone rang, the Magic Telephone behind the edge of the curtain. Knarf and Henid, the Shadow Children with the Turned-About names, both ran to answer it.

"It was King Fat Wat who lived in the country On-The-Other-Side-Of-The-Wall."

"Have you seen anything of Leo?" King Fat Wat asked in an excited voice.

Leo was King Fat Wat's pet lion.

Playing A Flute

"Oh dear," King Fat Wat went on, "I think he's on his way to your place now. If you see him, please send him back. He's dancing and playing a flute."

Knarf and Henid were about to ask what Leo, a lion, was doing, playing a flute. But at that moment, there was a loud crash and the sound of shrill whistling. The next second, a lion came crashing through the wall and danced right into the room. He was playing a flute.

"Now I must tell you, sir," said Knarf, as he ran up to Leo, "that it's very impolite of you to come bursting into our room like this!"

At this, Leo, the lion, said: "Now, don't be silly. I'm not going to hurt anybody."

Heard The Crash

By this time, other people in the house, who had heard the sound of the crash and the plying of the flute, came running into the room to find out what was going on.

Mr Punch and General Tin, the Tin Soldier, Mary Jane, the Rag Doll, Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, and Hiawatha, the Small-Sized Wooden Indian, all crowded around Leo.

To add to the excitement, King Fat Wat himself came crashing through the wall.

"You're coming right home with me this very instant!" the King said to Leo in a sharp voice.

Not Going Home

"Oh no, I'm not," said Leo. "I don't like that old palace of yours. I'm not going home until we all have a dance."

"Oh, very well. Suit yourself," said King Fat Wat. "But I'm not going to dance."

And he sat himself down sulkily on the floor in the front of the room.

Then Leo, the lion, started blowing his flute. His fingers ran up and down—or should we call them fingers? At any rate, whatever it was that lions have instead of fingers, Leo used them to go moving nimbly up and down the little flute.

And what delightful, cheery music came out of the flute!



Leo was dancing and playing a flute.

Stuffed Bear, and Hiawatha, all holding hands and circling round and round.

"I won't dance! No sir!" King Fat Wat kept saying, sulkily.

Missing The Fun

"You're missing the fun," said Leo. Then he blew the flute harder and merrier and louder. Suddenly King Fat Wat sprang to his feet and went spinning round and round like a top.

"I knew you'd danced, Leo," the lion said.

The last that Knarf and Henid saw of Mr Punch and General Tin was of Leo and King Fat Wat when they saw the lion and the King go dancing and prancing and leaping and spinning right through the wall again back to the wonderful kingdom that lies and is called The Country-On-The-Other-Side-Of-The-Wall.

Betty Zane, A Brave Girl

EBENEZER ZANE. Betty Zane's brother, built the first permanent house on the Ohio River. This was near Wheeling, W. Va. His blockhouse was later called Fort Henry as it was used as a fort during the Revolutionary War.

Many times the fort was attacked by Indians. But the worst attack came when 500 Indians poured bullets into the fort. When the settlers saw the Indians coming, they ran into the fort and tried to save it. They were holding their own until the powder began getting low. And their supply was in a small house about 40 yards from the fort.

The commander asked for volunteers to brave that 40 yards. Many volunteered.

Then Betty Zane spoke: "You do not have one man to spare. Let me go! I am no good in defending the fort. But I can run!"

The commander considered the soundness of her reasoning and decided to let the girl go.

Bullets rained down upon her. Some of them penetrated her clothing, but on she ran until she reached the hut.

Many hands pulled her, unhurt, into the fort. She had saved their lives by her bravery. In recognition of what Betty and her brother Ebenezer did, Congress gave them recognition by naming a town, Zanesville, Ohio, for them.

Legend Yields Two-Sided City

ONCE upon a time, there were some Indians who spent their time hunting and fishing in the mountains. Finally, they tired of wandering and asked the Great Spirit to give them a permanent home. He listened to their plea and said, "Follow the eagle until a feather drops from its wing, and then build a home where the feather falls. That spot shall be your home for all time."

The Indians and their chief decided to follow the Great Spirit's advice. One day, they saw a huge eagle sailing around in the sky. They watched it very closely; some of the Indians followed it for several days. At last, one of its feathers fell to the ground on the bank of a river.

The Indians were very happy until someone saw another

feather fall from the eagle's wing! This one fell on the opposite bank of the same stream.

Then the Indians didn't know what to do. They discussed their problem around the camp fire for a long time. Some wanted to build the pueblo or village on the left bank; others thought it should stand where the first feather had fallen. Finally, they decided to build two villages, and in a short time they were living on both sides of the river.

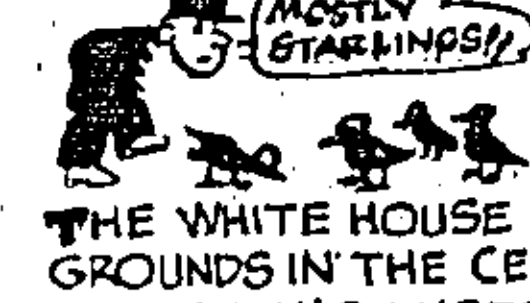
The Navajos still live in these two pueblos at Tucs, New Mexico. Every year, they hold a contest to determine which side will elect the governor for the coming year. Each pueblo chooses several of its swiftest runners to represent it in a relay race. The winning side in the race is entitled to choose the new governor.

—LOUISE IRAN WALKER

400,000 WHO



ALL CORAL SNAKES ARE HIGHLY POISONOUS. THEY DO NOT STRIKE AS MOST OTHER SNAKES DO, AND THEREFORE CAN DO NO HARM UNLESS ACTUALLY STEPPED ON OR HANDLED.



THE WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS IN THE CENTER OF WASHINGTON, D.C., ARE A HAVEN FOR BIRDS.



A LEOPARD WILL EAT ANY ANIMAL IT CAN OVERCOME, BEING ESPECIALLY FOND OF DOGS ACCORDING TO ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA.

LETTERS TO CAPTAIN HAL:

TELL PEN FRIENDS ABOUT YOUR SCHOOL

Dear Captain Hal:

I am 14 years old and would like a pen pal. My hobbies are collecting movie star pictures and drawing.

Cecily Youker
R.D. No. 1, Fairfield Rd.
Little Falls, N. Y.

Dear Captain Hal:

I am 11½ years old. My hobbies are music and sports. I would like a pen pal my own age.

Judith Soule
16 Overlook Rd.
Marblehead, Mass.

Dear Captain Hal:

I would like some pen pals. My hobbies are riding and collecting things. I like to sing, dance, swim and skate.

Cheryl Eggleston
531 E. Huston
Berborton, Ohio

Dear Captain Hal:

My hobbies are playing Badminton and collecting movie stars pictures.

Becky Marcovechio
75 North Fifth St
Hittman, Ohio
Age: 11

Dear Captain Hal:

I would like a pen pal who lives on a farm with horses. I am 14 years old.

Doris Corgie
Box Coppert Key
Key West, Fla., No. 16

Dear Captain Hal:

I am 12 years old. I like dancing, horseback riding, and ice skating. I would like a pen pal from anywhere.

Patsy McVay
Box 240, Rt. No. 1
Butte, Mont.

Dear Captain Hal:

I am 11 years old. My hobbies are sewing and skating. I am a Girl Scout.

Claudia Fuchs
230 Adams Ave.
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio
Age: 11

Dear Captain Hal:

I am 12 years old. I would like a pen pal. My hobbies are singing, dancing, and reading books.

Patricia Dominco
311 Silver St.
Cuyahoga Falls, Pa.

Dear Captain Hal:

I am 12 years old and in the seventh grade. My favourite sport are swimming, tennis, and horseback riding.

Berna Coyne
Route 1
Garland, Texas

Dear Captain Hal:

I have a pony collection and a collection of stamps. I like reading and swimming.

Charlotte Jones
2870 Hawthorne Drive
Westfield, Ohio

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

Let's work with dogs:

DOG REBUS

Puzzle Pete has hidden four kinds of dogs in his rebus. Find them by using the words and pictures to your best advantage:



SCRAMBLED DOGS

Here are three more dogs, but you have to rearrange the letters to find their names:

CI SECK TZY
MAP SEAR ION
U BLOND HOOD

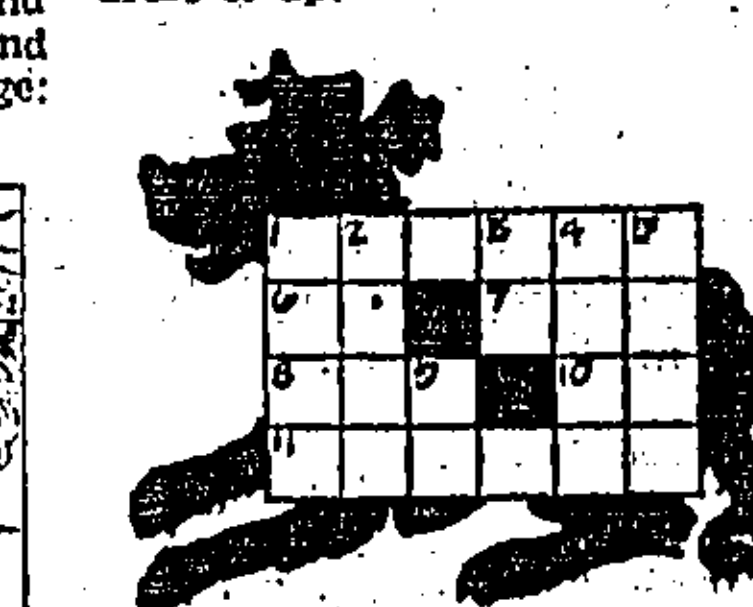
BACKWARD DOGS

Here are three more dogs, but Puzzle Pete says you may have a bit of trouble with their names unless you read them backward:

REICSNIP-NAMREBOD
ENAD TAERG
EKREPHICE

CROSSWORD

Cartoonist Cal has drawn Puzzle Pete's crossword puzzle on the silhouette of a dog to dress it up:



ACROSS
1 Kind of dog
6 Afternoon (ab.)
7 Adam's wife
8 Lubricant
10 That thing
11 Field — for dogs

DOWN
1 Dog's nickname
2 Potent medicine
3 Total expense (ab.)
4 Wicked
5 Rot/flux by exposure
9 Long Island (ab.)

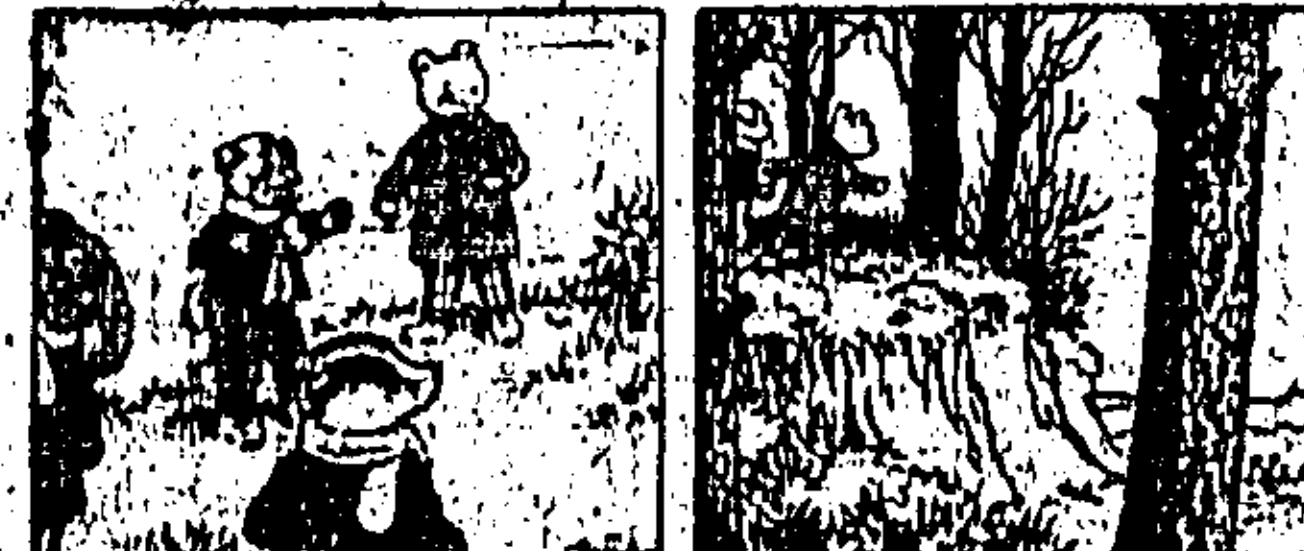
DOG DIAMOND

Puzzle Pete picked the MALTSE breed of dog as the centre of his word diamond. The second word is "to blemish," third "an affray," fifth "stagger," and sixth "an S-shaped worm." Can you finish the diamond from these clues?

M
A
L
T
E
S
E

(Solutions on Page 18)

Rupert and the Lost List—46



"The little pole are shelled in the new colonies had the present they wanted," says Algy. "Let's go down that way and see if we can find them." There's no need," Rupert exclaims, looking away towards the huge woods. "I can see them. They're coming this way!"

—ALAN REIDMAN

